The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

March

~~15¢~~ NOW 10¢

7d in England

THE REAL TRUTH about GABLE and LOMBARD

HOLLYWOOD WIVES PLAY SECOND FIDDLE!

Norma Shearer

"HE WAS AN OUTLAW...A KILLER...HIS LIFE WAS THE EPIC STORY OF A LAWLESS ERA!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation's most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

"Jesse, you're a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You'll turn into a killer and a wolf!"

"I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

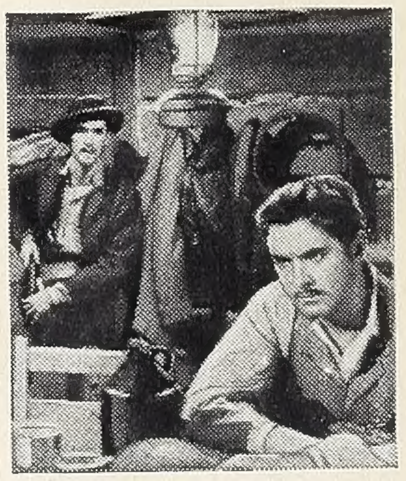
JESSE JAMES

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

starring

TYRONE POWER
HENRY FONDA
NANCY KELLY
RANDOLPH SCOTT
and **HENRY HULL**
SLIM SUMMERVILLE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
BRIAN DONLEVY
JOHN CARRADINE
DONALD MEEK
JOHN RUSSELL
JANE DARWELL







Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer and Original Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

ALL YOURS { CLEANLINESS *that's unbelievable!* LUSTER *you've always desired!* MOUTH FRESHNESS *that lasts!*

WITH THE *NEW* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

(C_{14} H_{27} O_5 S Na)



Luster-Foam gets better results because it is more penetrating . . . foams into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where so much decay begins.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam is energized into a stimulating, aromatic "bubble bath" that freshens the mouth delightfully and actually performs a miracle on teeth.

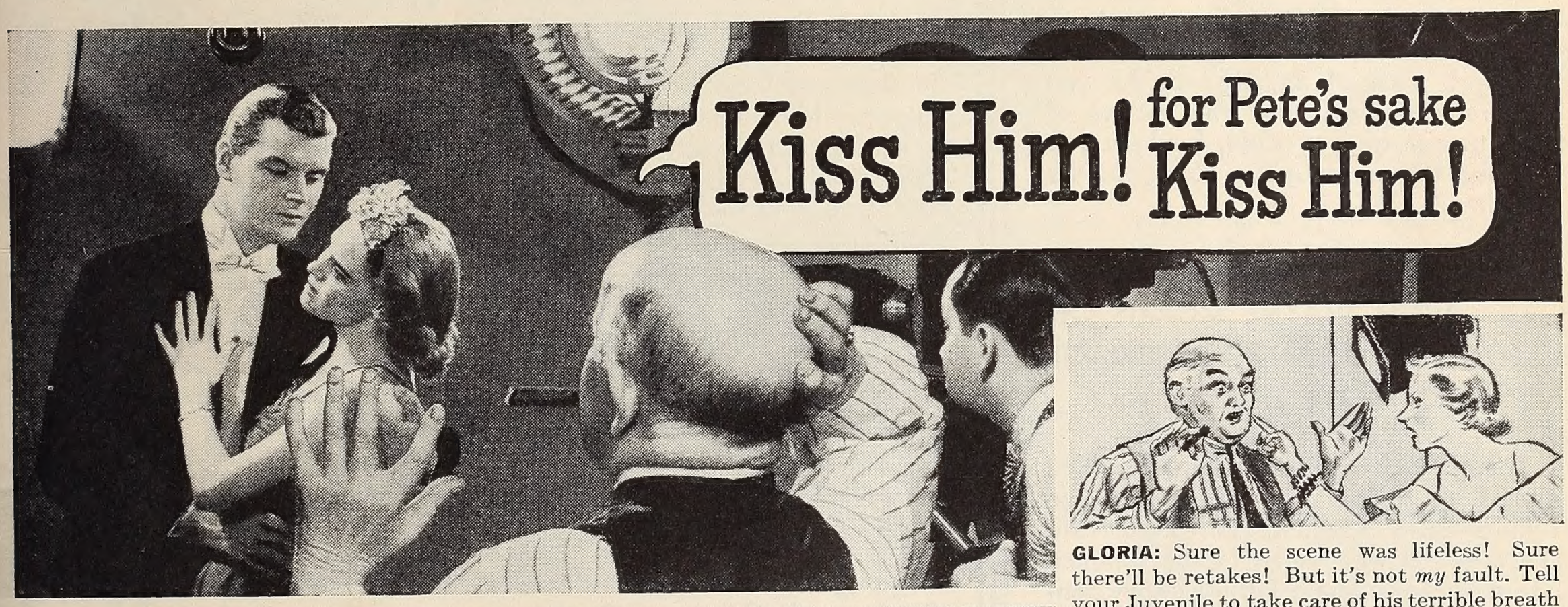
The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

It swiftly goes to work on the remote and hard-to-reach areas where, some authorities say, more than 75% of decay starts . . . between the teeth . . . on front and back of the teeth . . . on bite surfaces, — with their tiny pits, cracks, and fissures. No wonder that some authorities hail it as one of the most important contributions to dental care.

As that safe, dainty Luster-Foam detergent "bubble bath" freshens the mouth it also performs these benefits:

1. Quickly sweeps away food deposits and new surface stains. **2.** Attacks film which dulls the natural luster of the teeth. **3.** Aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments which hasten decay.

Once you try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam you will agree with the verdict of a nationwide Women's Consumer Survey which voted it a decided favorite over two leading brands, a 2 to 1 choice over the third, and a slight edge over the fourth leading brand. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same except for the fourth paste. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.



GLORIA: Sure the scene was lifeless! Sure there'll be retakes! But it's not *my* fault. Tell your Juvenile to take care of his terrible breath and maybe I'll be *able* to kiss him with feeling!



DIRECTOR: Barry, you've got to do something about your breath! It's got you off to a bad start with Gloria —and others have complained. If you want to get ahead on this lot better use Listerine every day!



BARRY: My big opportunity and I nearly muffed it! Wish the director had suggested Listerine sooner!



DIRECTOR: What a scene! Look at Gloria go to town! And the kid's a wow! Star material if I ever saw it!

SCRIPT GIRL: You said it—and he owes most of it to you—and Listerine Antiseptic!

Does she turn her cheek when you kiss her goodnight?

Don't let halitosis (bad breath) ruin romance, cool friendships, endanger your job! Almost everyone offends at some time or other—usually without knowing it. Don't run this foolish risk. Use Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. Use Listerine morning and night. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

March, 1939 Vol. XXXVIII, No. 5

REVEALING THE REAL MYSTERY BEHIND THE CASTING OF *SCARLETT O'HARA!*

Why all the mystery, the conflicting rumors, the delays in casting an actress for the most-discussed rôle in years? "Gone with the Wind" has become an American legend, and the question of who would play the famous character has occupied the attention not only of Hollywood but of the rest of the world for an incredible period. Now the actress has been chosen. Now the cameras are rolling. And NOW the real truth can be told—and will be, in the next, the April issue of SCREENLAND. All you have read before about the casting of SCARLETT can be put aside, for here you will read the amazing true story, for the first time.

ALSO—FIRST AND ONLY INTERVIEW WITH WAYNE MORRIS ON HIS ROMANTIC MARRIAGE TO PRETTY HEIRESS!

Young "Kid Galahad" didn't want to discuss his romantic, youthful marriage—his bride, a charming girl from private life, urged him not to turn their romance into a publicity stunt. But we finally convinced Wayne that the public appreciates clean young love and wants to hear about it as well as about Hollywood's more hectic amours; and so you will read, in our April issue (on sale March 3rd) the only interview given by Wayne Morris about his marriage.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

Gentle Jabs . . . . . Malcolm H. Oettinger 11
The Editor's Page . . . . . Delight Evans 19
Hollywood Whirl 20
The Real Truth about Gable and Lombard . . . . . Elizabeth Wilson 24
James Roosevelt Joins the Movies . . . . . Douglas Churchill 26
Hedy Lamarr Fights for her Private Life . . . . . Elizabeth Wilson 28
Hollywood Wives Play Second Fiddle . . . . . May Mann 30
Charlie McCarthy's Secretary Tells All . . . . . Kay Hardy 32
He's Her Boss. Joe Pasternak . . . . . Tom Kennedy 34
Picture Your Pet Contest 48
"Disgustingly Normal." Shirley Ross . . . . . Ned Gage 51
Reviews of the Best Pictures . . . . . Delight Evans 52
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Phyllis Brooks 54
"I'll Be an Author if it Kills Me." Joan Blondell . . . . . Liza 58
"I Am in Danger!" Richard Greene . . . . . William H. McKegg 60
Once She Was a Shop-Girl. Rosalind Russell . . . . . Charles Darnton 61
Medals and Birds . . . . . S. R. Mook 62
Important Women of Motion Pictures.
IV. Vyvyan Donner . . . . . Betty Shannon 64
Attention! Candid Camera Fiends.
Verree Teasdale . . . . . Ruth Tildesley 66

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Olivia de Havilland, Wayne Morris, Bette Davis, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Gladys Swarthout, Betty Grable, Don Ameche, John Garfield, Sonja Henie, Claire Trevor, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, James Stewart, Lew Ayres, Constance Bennett and "Sandy" by Morgan Dennis, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews 8
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle . . . . . Alma Talley 10
Inside the Stars' Homes. Ann Sheridan . . . . . Betty Boone 12
Ask Me! . . . . . Miss Vee Dee 14
Honor Page 16
Here's Hollywood . . . . . Weston East 68
New Fashions in Figures. Beauty Article . . . . . Courtenay Marvin 72
Yours for Loveliness 73

Cover Portrait of Norma Shearer

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $1.60 in Canada; foreign $2.00. **Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address.** Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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SPENCER

TRACY

in the most romantic role that this grand actor has ever portrayed on the screen.



HEDY

LAMARR

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Welcome her to her first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring role—an exotic orchid of cafe society...



I TAKE *this* WOMAN

with

INA CLAIRE • WALTER PIDGEON

Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson

Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Story by CHARLES MacARTHUR

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR



In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in McCall's, Pictorial Review, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

Dear Fans—
This is a fan letter for you. I thank you from the bottom of my lion's heart for the way you have responded to this column.



Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adventures have pressed him close to our collective bosom, is about ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

★ ★ ★ ★

Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of "Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

★ ★ ★ ★

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust Miss Gracie Allen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckleberry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

This game involves the use of your scissors—it is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck" Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box S, Culver City, Cal.



Name .....

Address .....

★ ★ ★ ★

This is about the time when those New Year resolutions are beginning to feel the tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continues to lead the way in entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

See you on the screen.

—Leo



"Sure I'm a gutter Girl..."

"Born in this old tenement. Raised on this dirty street. Me and my kid brother, just a couple of what you rich guys call gutter rats. But my heart's all right. It's clean and it's honest and it's true. Maybe I don't know big words and fancy stuff, but I know enough plain ones to tell him what I think of him, this polo playing good-for-nothing with all his soft talk and smooth ways and his heart all eaten up with the shame of what he and his millions have done to us . . . the one third of a nation he wouldn't dirty his gloves to touch . . ."



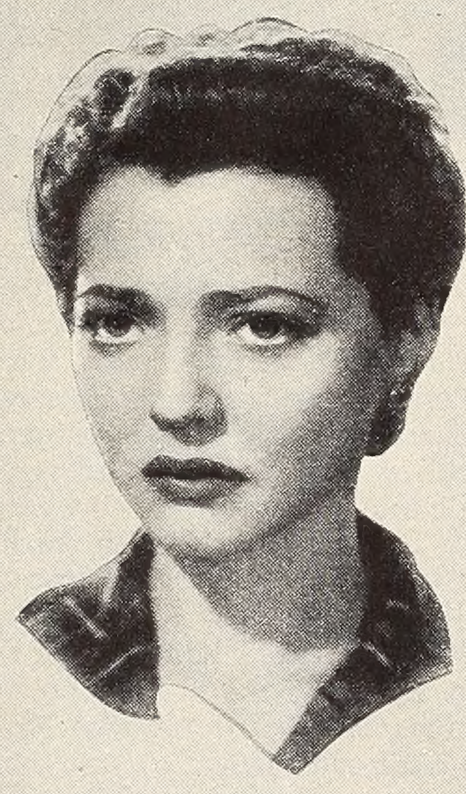
Strong words, brave words and yet she loves this polo playing multi-millionaire —and he loves her—and their love story is drama as real, as human as the story of this girl's home—the New York slum, which bred the "Dead End Kids", the brutal background of "Street Scene"

Harold Orlob presents

SYLVIA SIDNEY

"...one third of a nation"

with LEIF ERIKSON



A DUDLEY MURPHY PRODUCTION • Screen Play by Oliver H. P. Garrett • A PARAMOUNT RELEASE

The "East Side Gang", the toughest bunch of kids ever to brawl their way into your heart—



EVERY day more women are discovering Tampax, and spreading the news among their friends. This modern *civilized* sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over *one hundred million* Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who *must* keep busy and active at all times of the month—every month, every season.

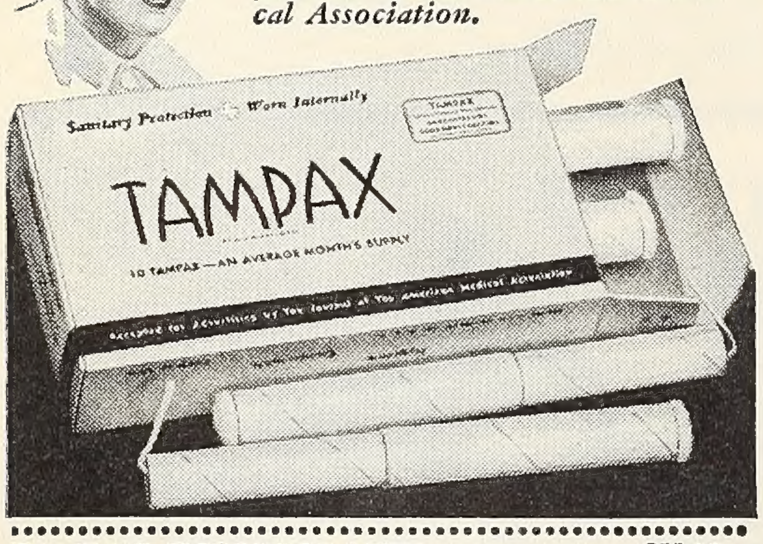
Tampax is unlike any other product. Of compressed surgical absorbent cotton, it is hygienically sealed in *individual containers*, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! No belts or pins are used, because Tampax is *worn internally*. No bulk to show. No odor can form.

Tampax is comfortable, efficient and very compact to carry in your purse. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory size 20¢, average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package.



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Name _____

Address _____

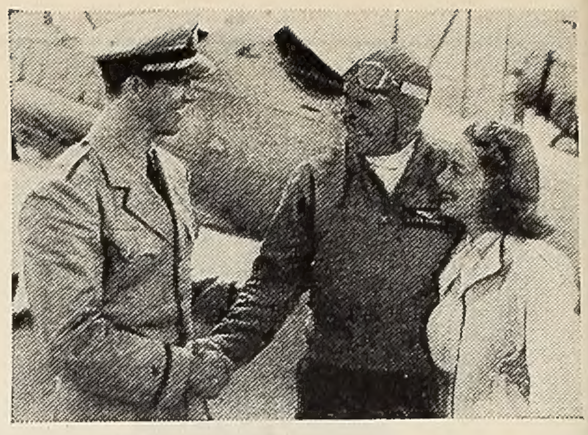
City _____ *State* _____

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Wings of the Navy

Warners



Planes zoom and the sound track gives out booming buzzes of roaring engines. And if you're the least bit air-minded you have a swell time watching this film unreel its rather familiar but effective story. George Brent is the older brother who wins glory but suffers a permanent injury striving to build a better plane. John Payne is the lad who tries to live up to George's record and wins Olivia de Havilland.

Out West With the Hardys

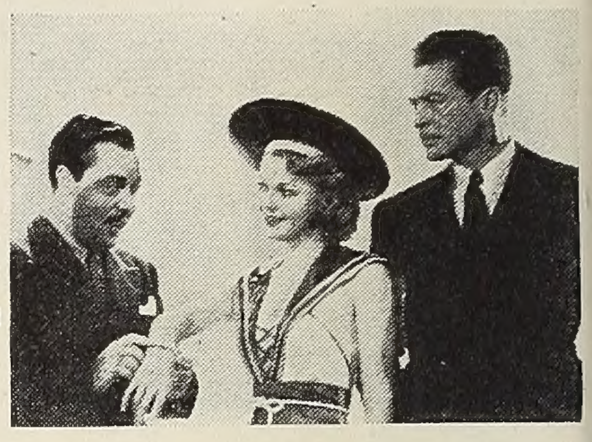
M-G-M



Nobody has to be urged to turn out to see the Hardys when they come to town in a new film—so we're merely putting this down for the record—a swell record it is. Familiarity with the Hardys breeds admiration, it seems. And good as were the previous films in the series, this is even better. To that you'll agree heartily when you see Mickey Rooney (especially Mickey Rooney) Lewis Stone and the others in this.

While New York Sleeps

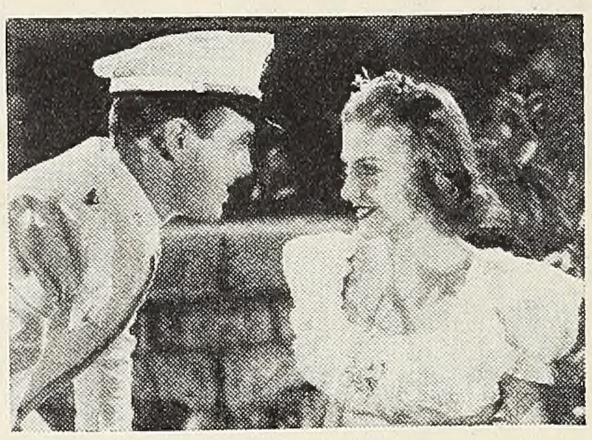
20th Century-Fox



A film that has that thing—you know; pace, zip, and mood that keep you entertained. This is another episode in the screen's own version of why newspaper work is so exciting. Michael Whalen is the reporter—and mighty good at it—who goes out to prove a supposed suicide is a murder. But while mystery has its part, it's the comic element which keeps things humming. Harold Huber and others good.

The Duke of West Point

United Artists



The author of "Navy Blue and Gold" turns with equal success to West Point for a story ringing with patriotic fervor, effective sentiment, and humor. Louis Hayward scores as the chap brought up in England who makes good after being misunderstood by fellow plebes. Tom Brown, Richard Carlson and Alan Curtis all contribute good performances, while Joan Fontaine pleases as the romantic interest.

Dramatic School

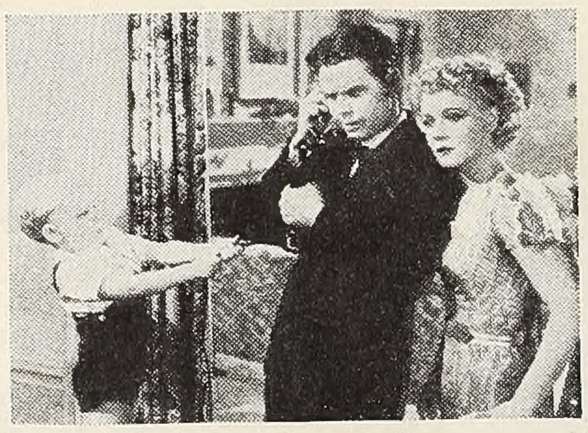
M-G-M



Handsomely staged, well directed dramatic study of a group of girls driven by the urge to become great actresses. But after "Stage Door" the whole idea, laudable as are its intentions to supply Luise Rainer with a substantial vehicle, seems most mechanical. Miss Rainer herself is lost in the rôle and again resorts to acting tricks in a futile dramatic effort. Paulette Goddard is decorative. Alan Marshal, good.

Blondie

Columbia



As long as we must have double feature bills, let's have something lightly amusing like this to pad out the show that's topped by a "big" film. The comic strip characters who are known to all followers of *Blondie* and *Dagwood* get the best of Hollywood talent to conform to the cartoon idea. Arthur Lake, Penny Singleton, Larry Simms (swell as *Baby Dumpling*) and others make up a good cast. Good pastime.

Annabel Takes a Tour

RKO-Radio



Follow-up to the amusing "Affairs of Annabel," here's more good comedy developed by Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball, as press agent and screen star respectively. This time Lucille makes a personal appearance tour, with Oakie almost outsmarting himself with zippy efforts to keep Lucille on the front pages. His trumped-up romance of the star with a viscount almost "takes." Ruth Donnelly and others support.

I Am a Criminal

Monogram



A picture you're sure to enjoy. A sound story, good direction and competent acting are combined in a drama of strong emotional appeal and sustained dramatic interest. It shows John Carroll as a gambler who seeks to offset public hostility by adopting a boy—a showy device that does more than the efforts of the law to reform him. Martin Spellman, Craig Reynolds, Kay Linaker and others in a fine cast.

Flirting with Fate

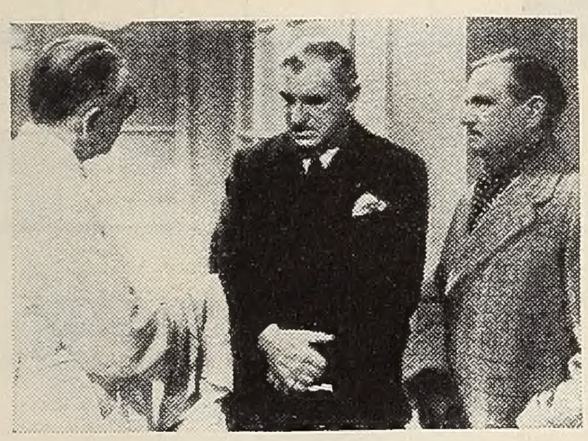
M-G-M



Ooop! Joe E. Brown bites off more than he can chew in attempting to amuse the customers with such a hackneyed array of familiar gags as tumble from the screen in this. Joe's locale here is South America; his occupations bad men, lions and so forth in an effort to get himself bumped off so his stranded fellow troupers can get back home on his insurance money. Leo Carrillo, Steffi Duna, Wynne Gibson and others.

Cross-roads

Tri-National



A powerful character portrayal by Charles Vanel and outstanding performances by other French stars. It is the story of a man who discovers that he had a criminal record in the youth that is now a total blank since recovery from shell shock suffered in the war. The play is tense, but so much of it depends upon dialogue that subtitles, while clarifying the action, handicap the play for most audiences over here.

The Kreutzer Sonata

Foreign-Cinema Arts



Tolstoy somberly pondering the evils a man sees in others, to an accompaniment of Beethoven. It happens in Czarist Russia, with Jean Yonnel as the libertine now reformed but plagued by thoughts that his lovely wife is as faithless as many wives who figured in his own youthful conquests. Gaby Morlay and other gifted players of the French theatre appear in support. It is a monotone; heavy, even dull at times.



Girls who click, in jobs and on dates, avoid underarm odor with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what *they* know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You *could* be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Mum is such a *dependable* aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE...USE MUM!



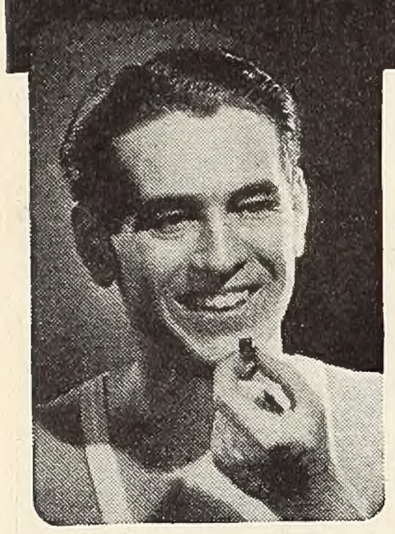
For Sanitary Napkins— *Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.*

MUM

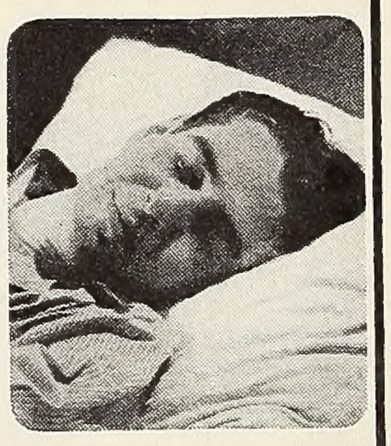
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TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

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1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons, no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take!



2. YOU SLEEP through the night . . . *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is a gentle laxative. It acts overnight — *without* over-action.



3. THE NEXT morning you have a *thorough* bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

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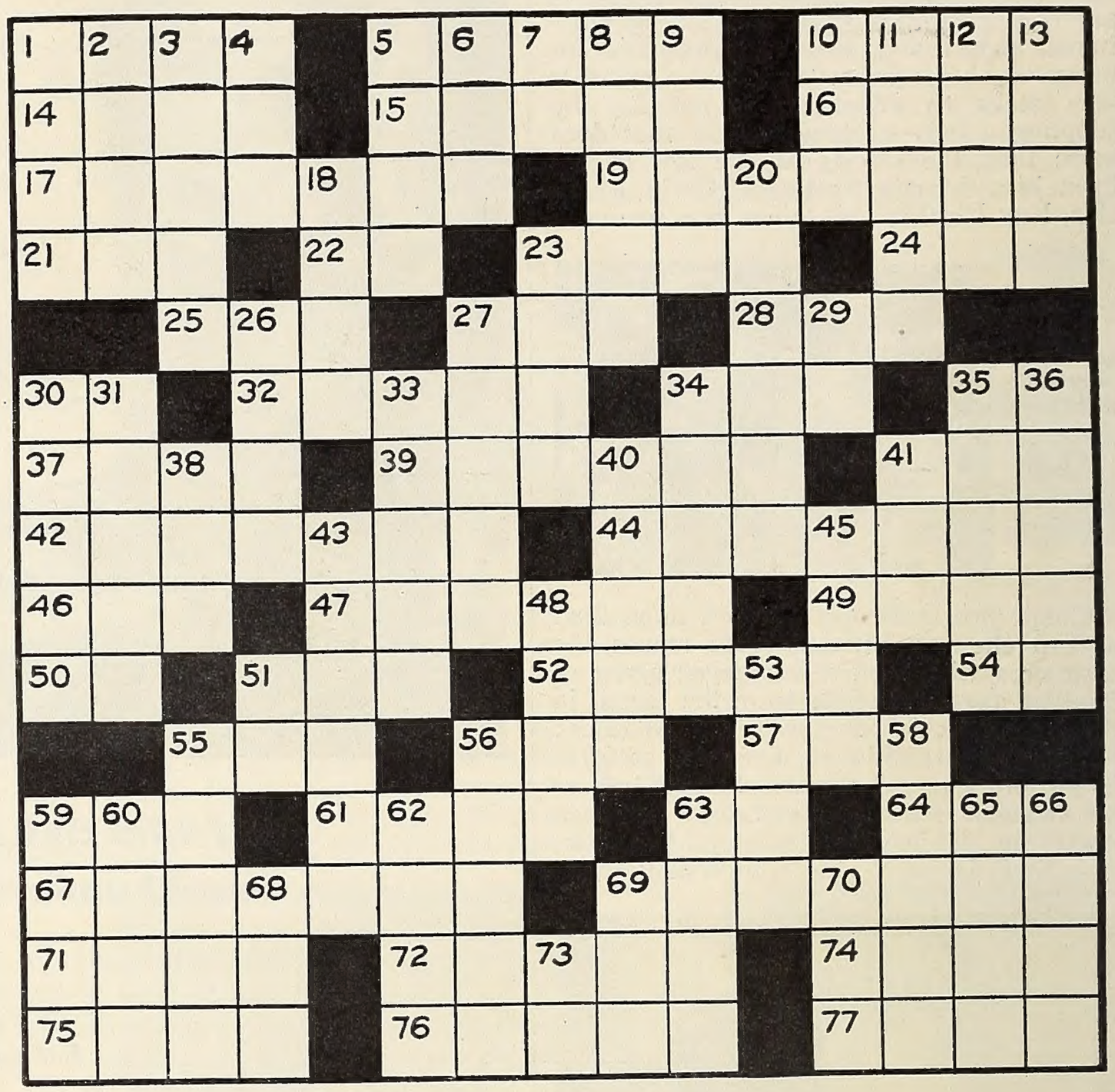
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. The cowboy in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
5. Co-star of "There Goes My Heart"
10. Three of the "Four Daughters" are named this
14. Girl's nickname
15. Spry
16. Always
17. He's a Mexican star ("Desperate Adventure")
19. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer co-starred in this
21. A female sheep
22. Wood-cutting tool
23. Girl's name
24. To decay
25. He's featured in "Say It in French"
27. Inquire
28. Still
30. Exclamation
32. Precious stone
34. She's starred as "Little Orphan Annie"
35. Paid (business abbrev.)
37. Co-star of "Tail Spin"
39. Quick! (Colloquial)
41. Swiss river
42. English boy star ("Listen Darling")
44. Co-star of "Suez"
46. Sea eagle.
47. To value highly
49. Piece of furniture
50. Railway (abbrev.)
51. Kind of tree
52. To make a new lawn
54. Biblical pronoun
55. Poisonous serpent
56. Stars diet to prevent this
57. Many stars use this on their hair
59. "That Certain - - - ," with Deanna Durbin
61. Wise birds
63. Missouri (abbrev.)
64. Co-star of "Too Hot to Handle"
67. Her new one is "St. Louis Blues"
69. Star of "Mad Miss Manton"
71. Operatic solo
72. Strong vegetable
74. Bookkeeping entry
75. He plays a "meek" role in "Jesse James"
76. To bother
77. Famous Hardy heroine

DOWN

1. He's married to Jeannette MacDonald
2. To confess
3. A stream
4. Affirmative vote
5. Comedy team of brothers ("Room Service")
6. Past
7. Japanese measure
8. Co-star of "Too Hot to Handle"
9. Steering wheel of a ship
10. Hawaiian wreath
11. To prevent
12. Famous Roman emperor
13. Formerly (poetic)
18. You laughed at her in "Give Me a Sailor"
20. Co-star of "The Young In Heart"
23. Island
26. Imitated
27. Writ of judgment (French)
29. Printers' measure
30. To present
31. He's featured in "Law of West Tombstone"
33. Ape-like, silly
34. Smallest units of matter
35. Comedy maid in "The Cowboy and The Lady"
36. Male duck
38. Japanese money
40. Icy rain
41. Devoured
43. A tyrant
45. Co-star of "Sweethearts"
48. Epochs
51. Since
53. Scent
55. Eagle's nest
56. His new one is "Dawn Patrol"
58. To make glad
59. First man
60. Blood
62. Command to a horse to stop
63. A great number
65. Natural metals
66. Sweet potatoes
68. Kind of tree
69. What hoodlums do if they don't like the show
70. A small rôle in a picture
73. " - - Old Chicago"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

G	E	N	E	■	O	L	A	N	D	■	F	R	E	D
A	R	O	W	■	R	O	G	E	R	■	R	O	A	R
R	I	L	E	S	■	T	E	A	■	R	A	I	S	E
Y	E	A	■	O	A	T	■	T	O	O	■	L	E	W
■	■	N	E	L	S	O	N	■	A	L	A	S	■	■
E	D	■	L	E	T	■	A	C	R	E	S	■	L	A
B	R	I	E	■	O	T	T	O	■	S	T	A	I	R
S	O	D	A	■	R	A	I	N	S	■	A	N	T	I
E	V	A	N	S	■	R	O	S	E	■	I	D	E	S
N	E	■	O	C	E	A	N	■	E	A	R	■	L	E
■	■	T	R	O	T	■	S	I	D	N	E	Y	■	■
I	C	E	■	T	A	D	■	R	Y	E	■	U	N	A
D	O	N	A	T	■	A	P	E	■	W	A	K	E	N
O	D	O	R	■	S	T	O	N	E	■	H	O	O	T
L	Y	R	E	■	O	A	T	E	N	■	A	N	N	E

Gentle Jabs

Paraphrasing personalities whose faces are familiar to film fans everywhere

By Malcolm H. Oettinger



MARTHA RAYE:
noise and knees; hill-billy in burlesque



WAYNE MORRIS:
the farm vote; Rover Boys out West.



CLAIRE TREVOR:
Lalique and Vionnet; a spiked Dubonnet.



ARTHUR TREACHER:
a snob in the subway; Lord Hives on treadmill.



HELEN WESTLEY:
owl in motley; Aunt Hepsibah Swings.



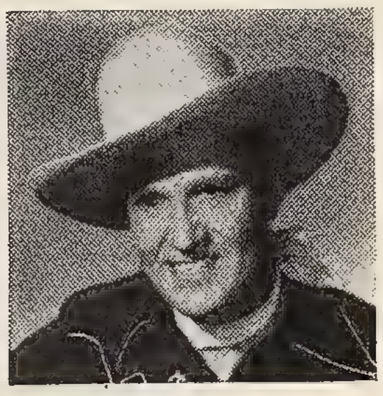
MISCHA AUER:
melancholy and slapstick; vodka Pagliacci.



FERNAND GRAVET:
If Wallace Reid had been Chevalier.



JOSEPH CALLEIA:
Tommy guns in spaghetti; barber shop villainy.



GENE AUTRY:
a hero to his horse.



FRANCES FARMER:
the princess plays charades.



PETER LORRE:
fantasy in fear; distorted mirrors.



ROBERT BENCHLEY:
parlor joker at wit's end; Family Album cut-up.



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You've read that stars can cook. Here's pictorial proof. Above, Ann seasons the cut-up chicken. Right, she puts it into paper bag containing flour. Left below, she shakes the bag vigorously. Lower right, she heaps Crisco into the skillet. Now see top of opposite page.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Something hot and delicious — movie beauty actually fries chicken! See Ann Sheridan at work here, read her own special recipe

By Betty Boone



WHEN you look at glamor-girl Ann Sheridan on the screen, you'd think that the nearest she came to a kitchen was when she sat at that end of somebody's dining table, and that all she knew about food was how it looks or tastes. But you're wrong. You ought to see Annie, as her friends call her, frying chicken!

I stopped for the chicken on my way over to Ann's Mexican farmhouse, wickedly thinking that I'd see just how much Ann knew about kitchens and what goes on in them. Ann with her red-gold hair and her dancing feet and her long ruby-tipped finger nails. Marty (Schuyler Crail), ace cameraman, selected the fowl with equal skepticism. "It's a good bird now—whatever happens to it later," he asserted.

Ann was waiting for us, in neat blue slacks, divided between excitement over the newly arrived radio-phonograph, which was breathing forth gay Mexican music, and delight in her red-and-white kitchen.

"It's red-and-white to the last little knob on the cupboard doors, including the stove!" she exulted. "Look, isn't this perfect? You open this gadget and push in your garbage and next thing you know about it, it's outdoors! Magic, no less. And will you look at this cooler—vegetables on every shelf and the whole thing revolves! And this grand affair is for pans and skillets."

A movie star all hoo-ha over garbage slots!

She inspected the chicken, critically. It











wasn't cleaned to suit her, so she plopped it into a pan of water and went after it, red nails and all, in a professional manner.

"When I fry chicken, I have my skillet full of hot deep fat," she informed me, indicating the ready skillet. "Now, that's much better, much, much! What I mean, clean. Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" Her voice soared upward, and Elizabeth, a smiling colored maid, appeared.

"Find me a paper bag, will you? And where's the flour? No, no, I don't want you to get it for me, just tell me where you hide it!" The bag and the flour duly arriving, Ann poured a large quantity of the latter into the former, seasoning her chicken with salt and pepper, and put the cut-up pieces of c' cken into the bag,

Next step: Ann starts to fry the chicken, left above. Close-up of Ann frying the bird, above—getting hungry? Now look, right above: Ann comes out of the kitchen with the best fried chicken any movie star ever cooked.

where she proceeded to shake them vigorously, while she danced around the room singing: *"I've got a pocketful of dreams!"*

She loves to dance. She dances most of the time, even when she's frying chicken.

"Just at first, I have the gas on high to brown it well," she demonstrated, as she began putting in the floured pieces, "Then I turn it low and put on my cover. It should fit tightly. There, now we'll let her simmer a while and talk recipes. No, wait. Let's look at the house. This is the dinette." She danced into the knotty pine room, with its red tiled floor, its maple refectory table and chairs, its array of Mexican blue glass. Then on into the entry hall and across to the living-room where the new music box was rendering *La Conga.* "I'm mad about this room. See this fireplace, with the andirons and whatnot? Imagine burning driftwood there!"

At opposite ends of the room two loveseats in beige and brown face each other across a beige chenille rug; there are blue chairs too, and a gold-covered one, and the drapes are brown.

"See these two laughing Buddhas—aren't they adorable? My ex-brother-in-law gave

(*Please Turn to page 87*)



Romantic

REVIVAL FOR EYES



• It's a romantic year for hats, hair and *eyes!* So curl your lashes demurely, for that sweet old-fashioned effect. KURLASH requires only a few seconds, is effective for hours . . . an easy, *mechanical* beauty-routine. And it's yours for only $1.

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Models who must daily face truth revealing cameras are far too smart to ever let constipation result in dull eyes, headaches and the aggravation of blemished skin.

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Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee



Hollywood grooms another European beauty for screen glamor honors, as Paramount presents Isa Miranda, blonde, blue-eyed Italian actress, in a starring rôle with Ray Milland as leading man in "Hotel Imperial."

Roberta. Mickey Rooney was born September 23, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mickey seems to be shy about giving the year of his birth; perhaps the reason is that he made his stage début at the tender age of 11 months! Jackie Cooper was born September 15, 1923. Judy Garland is around 15 years old; she's 4 feet, 11 inches in height and weighs 95 pounds. Has brown hair and eyes. She made her screen début in "Every Sunday."

Kay K. Try writing to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California for an autographed photograph of Nelson Eddy. Yes, that is his real name; he was born in Providence, R. I., the son of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Eddy, both fine musicians. He was a boy soprano in a church in Providence. Later Nelson moved to Philadelphia.

Marion M. So you like little Mary Maguire? And I'm just the one to tell you all you wish to know about her. Her real name is Helene Terese Maguire and she was born way down in Melbourne, Australia, on February 23, 1919. Her picture career began before she left Australia, playing ingénue leads with an Australian motion picture company. On coming to Hollywood, she was signed at once with Warner Bros. Some of the pictures in which she has appeared are "That Man's Here Again," "Confession," "Alcatraz Island," and "Sergeant Murphy."

Inquisitive Joe. It was very pleasant reading all the nice things you said—I'd like another letter like that! Anita Page is married; she hasn't appeared in pictures in quite some time, but that does not necessarily mean that she has retired from the screen.

Beatrice V. If you are really a loyal fan, as your letter tells me, you will try again, because stars like to receive letters from admirers. Address your letter to Claire Trevor, United Artists Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Perhaps your first letter was misdirected.

M. F. K. Barton McLane was born in Columbia, South Carolina, December 25, 1902. He attended Wesleyan University, graduating with the class of 1925. He was a noted athlete in college, which brought him a chance in pictures, during the filming of a football story. A recent picture was "Blondes at Work." Some of his previous pictures are "Go Into Your Dance," "Special Agent," and "G Men." Address him at Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Calif.

M. D. G. You no doubt did hear Donald Grayson in the Community Sing. He has toured the country, singing and playing his violin in every important city in the United States, to say nothing of the Kit Kat Club in London. It was singing with an orchestra in a Chicago night club that landed him in pictures, much to his own surprise! He has a contract with Columbia Pictures; made his screen début with Charles Starrett and Marion Weldon in Columbia's "Dodge City Trail."

Grateful. Jeannette Loff is not in pictures now. Her real name is Janette Lov; she was born in Cronno, Idaho.



The new CHARLIE CHAN. Sidney Toler, who succeeds the late Warner Oland as the popular Chinese detective, deftly juggles his chopsticks between scenes. Sen Yung, his mentor in Chinese manners, is seen at right.

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★DARK VICTORY

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*Ida Lupino and Warren William in a Columbia production based on the exploits of "THE LONE WOLF".



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ASK ME!

Continued from page 15



Back in pictures, and welcome! Here's Helen Twelvetrees returning to films at Paramount.

just might be able to get that picture by writing to the Warner Studios, Burbank, California. For the photograph of Edward Norris write to 20th Century-Fox Studio. Gloria Dickson was born August 13, 1917.

H. D. R. Hollywood, California, is the birthplace of Jane Bryan; the date, June 11, 1918; she is with Warner Bros., the studio address, Burbank, California. Her pictures include: "The Captain's Kid," "Marked Woman," "Kid Galahad," "Confession," "A Slight Case of Murder," "The Sisters" and other Warner films.

Bob M. Wonder who wins the bet? For Luise Rainer was born in Vienna, Austria, and Sonja Henie, in Oslo, Norway. Priscilla Lane is not very old, she was born in Indianola, Iowa, on June 12, 1917.

D. W. Louise Hovick was born in Seattle, Washington, twenty-three years ago. At the age of six she made her first appearance in vaudeville, supporting her sister, Baby June. Her first picture was "You Can't Have Everything."

Shirley T. Thanks for your letter. Jackie Cooper is a very much grown-up and handsome young man now; and if I should attempt to tell you his weight and height right now, it would no doubt be incorrect by the time you read this! Deanna Durbin was born in Winnipeg, Canada, December 4, 1922. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, and weighs 100 pounds. Thank you very much for your good wishes. Let's hear from you again.

Z. M. H. Write to Warner Bros., Burbank, California, for a photograph of Kenny Baker. Alice Faye was born in New York City.

R. R. W. Walter Catlett played in "Danger, Love at Work," and "Wake Up and Live," in addition to many others.



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Tyrone Power

HI, TY!

No, I don't know you well enough to call you "Ty." But you must be used by now to having ladies take liberties with you, since everywhere you go you are mobbed while "we" the women rip buttons off your coat or get lipstick on your ear. Used to it—but do you like it, really?

I'd hate to think so. I'd hate to think you are reconciled or even indifferent to "our" disgusting clamor. You are much too intelligent, much too sensitive—I hope. But after all, aren't you asking for it? It isn't your fault that women who see you on the screen promptly go haywire and want to take you home. Isn't it?

Well, I wonder. And I am forced to the conclusion that you will soon have to choose between two careers—that of a movie idol of the Valentino type, or that of a sensible "business-man" actor, like Colman. I hope you choose the latter. For I happen to think you are potentially the finest young actor ever to appear on the screen. Since "Lloyds of London" I've thought it and said it. There is no other young man in pictures to approach you for romantic charm and professional sensitivity. The only thing to stop you is—Tyrone Power, the boy himself.

If you were just another handsome lad, it might be good movie business to exploit your personal romances with handsome ladies. But you are vastly more than that. And I imagine, having met you and talked to you, that you would much prefer a Colman-career to a Valentino rage. Why choose? Because right now the public seems more concerned with your off-screen romance with the lovely Annabella than with your latest screen performance. That's not so good. In fact, that's terrible. Because you can act; you have good taste and you have tact; and I feel sure that you would far rather be applauded for your work than for a "glamorous" private life. I thought this first when I met you on that New York jaunt when Sonja Henie was your companion in the news photographs. You seemed a little embarrassed by it all. You've made more pictures since then; been mobbed on two more continents, evaded many more avid women fans. I don't wonder that your latest portraits look a little disillusioned, a little weary. But a good picture—and I hope "Jesse James" is it—will fix all that. And I hope you get so worked up over your future as an actor that you'll just concentrate on your job for the next few years—at least until Shirley Temple grows up.

Delight Evans

Hollywood Whirl

Candid Camera Angles on The Stars

Photos by Len Weissman



STAR GAZERS! Even a downpour of rain failed to dampen the spirit of the crowd which gathered to see celebrities, perhaps snare a treasured autograph, at a recent Hollywood preview.



A star smiles at the crowd. Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Pressman (more amiable toward the cameraman than usual) arrive at the Carthay Circle for the gala premiere.



Not perturbed by either the rain or the crowds, Norma Shearer and Producer Mervyn LeRoy were among the early arrivals at the theatre where screen greats attended a preview.



Marlene Dietrich, who rises to heights of glamor when celebrity seekers gather, escorted to the preview by Henry Fonda.



A party at the Trocadero follows the preview. Above, Joan Bennett and Walter Brennan meet in the foyer of the Troc.



Kentucky's governor, A. B. (Happy) Chandler—center—his wife, and daughters Mildred and Marcella are escorted to the brilliant party by Hollywood's eminent Darryl Zanuck.



Richard Greene cuts in, apparently adds wit and interest to the engaging conversation that had been progressing between David Niven and Loretta Young, table companions.



Joan Bennett, wearing an all-white evening gown and her hair in the up-swept and (to her and some, but not all, others) flattering style, was escorted to the party by Walter Wanger.



Dixie Lee Crosby critically watches her husband, Bing, as he concentrates on obtaining some nourishment from a stalk of celery when supper was served at the preview party.



A flashlight shot from across the table catches Virginia Bruce and her husband, J. Walter Ruben, aware of the camera's presence, and Kay Francis wrapped in her own thoughts.



Al Jolson tells a story—one of more or less serious import no doubt—to his neighbor across the table, as Ruby Keeler listens intently, during the course of the preview party.



Byplay that amused the guests. Sitting-in, as 'twere, for Charlie McCarthy, whom Edgar Bergen didn't bring to the party at the Troc, are Martha Raye and Dorothy Lamour.

Photographs Exclusively for SCREENLAND *by Len Weissman*



At the Cocoanut Grove, where Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees were the stars, Governor Chandler, Rudy, Loretta Young, David Niven and Mrs. Chandler.



Norma Shearer leans across the table to converse with Marlene Dietrich, while Marlene's escort for the evening, Henry Fonda, laughingly listens in—a party at the Trocadero.



Happy birthday to Dotty! Martha Raye bestows a congratulatory kiss after singing Happy Birthday to Dorothy Lamour, who was feted at the Ambassador in celebration of her anniversary.

about GABLE and LOMBARD

really didn't discover each other until that horrible night when everything went wrong at the White Mayfair. The meeting was well-timed: Clark had been separated from Mrs. Gable for many months, and Carole was what the poets call whole heart and fancy free. Carole went home that night to grit her teeth and swear that never again would she be a hostess, and Clark went with a party of friends to the Beverly Brown Derby for hot cakes and coffee. But anyway, it was the beginning of a beautiful romance.

Several days later I dropped in to Carole's dressing-room at noon time expecting to be invited to stay for lunch as usual when I noticed quite a bit of suppressed excitement. Carole was humming *I'll Write Myself a Letter,* looking up mysterious numbers in the telephone directory, and paying absolutely no attention to the juicy bit of scandal that I had been dining out on all week. Suddenly the phone began to ring, and I never heard such guarded conversations. "Make?" said Carole. "Condition? Age? I'll call you later." Finally I took the hint, and offered to leave, and my offer was accepted. I had never seen Carole so completely happy—and vague. "It's love," I said, "l'amour rides again."

And I was definitely right. Carole, one of the most sensible girls in Hollywood without an iota of chi-chi about her, had suddenly gone coy and had decided to send Mr. Gable (who had been calling constantly since the White Mayfair) an old broken-down Ford from a junk heap, all done up in hearts and red ribbons for his Valentine. Now nobody likes a funny gag like Clark—though up until the time he met Carole there had been darned few in his life—so he took that old piece of junk and had a first-class engine put in it, and all dressed up in white tie and tails drove up to Miss Lombard's door and insisted that she accompany him to the Trocadero. Any other star would have looked at that old wreck with no top on it and screamed—but not Carole. Her coiffure lasted at least to the end of the driveway. But her gags, which always amuse Clark so much, have lasted, and are doing nicely, thank you.

I may say the Lombard-Gable romance got off to a false start. That was practically the last time that they dressed up in tails and orchids and went dancing with the Right People. They decided that night that they didn't like dressing up and they didn't like night clubs. They liked being normal human beings, not stuffed shirts. You can almost count on your fingers the times they have been out "socially" since. Carole was busy taking tennis lessons from Eleanor Tennant at the time —and you know Carole, there's nothing half way about her. She isn't content just to pop a few balls over the net, oh no, she's got to be an Alice Marble, nothing else. Well, naturally, a regular guy like Gable isn't going to let a gal play a better game than he plays, so Clark, who had been too busy all his life to take up tennis, now took it up with a vengeance. But if Carole introduced him to tennis he had a few things to introduce her to—he taught Hollywood's fairest movie star how to shoot, how to hunt, how to ride, and how to fish. Carole had always been athletically inclined—she had been a first class basketball player and hundred-yard-dasher at the Los Angeles high school, and her two older brothers hadn't spared her when it came to rough and tumble—but when she became a Glamor Girl she packed away her sneakers and went in for more frilly things. What fun, she shouted, when Clark first suggested that they go hunting. She climbed right down off her chaise longue, pulled on boots, grabbed a gun, and let the finger nails fall where they may.

Carole and Clark soon discovered that they had the same interests and liked the same things, so no wonder the romance got off to a riproaring start. Their idea of a lot of fun is to have (*Please turn to page* 98)



James Roosevelt Joins the Movies

By Douglas Churchill

A CROWN PRINCE has joined the movies. There have been other scions of nobility, who have flashed briefly and spectacularly on the Hollywood scene, but none created the international furor that has accompanied the acquisition of James Roosevelt's services by Samuel Goldwyn. There has been considerable speculation over the reasons for the politico-cinema alliance, and in the anti-Administration press the motives of everybody concerned have been impugned; a good swift kick at a member of the Roosevelt family is a good swift kick at the President.

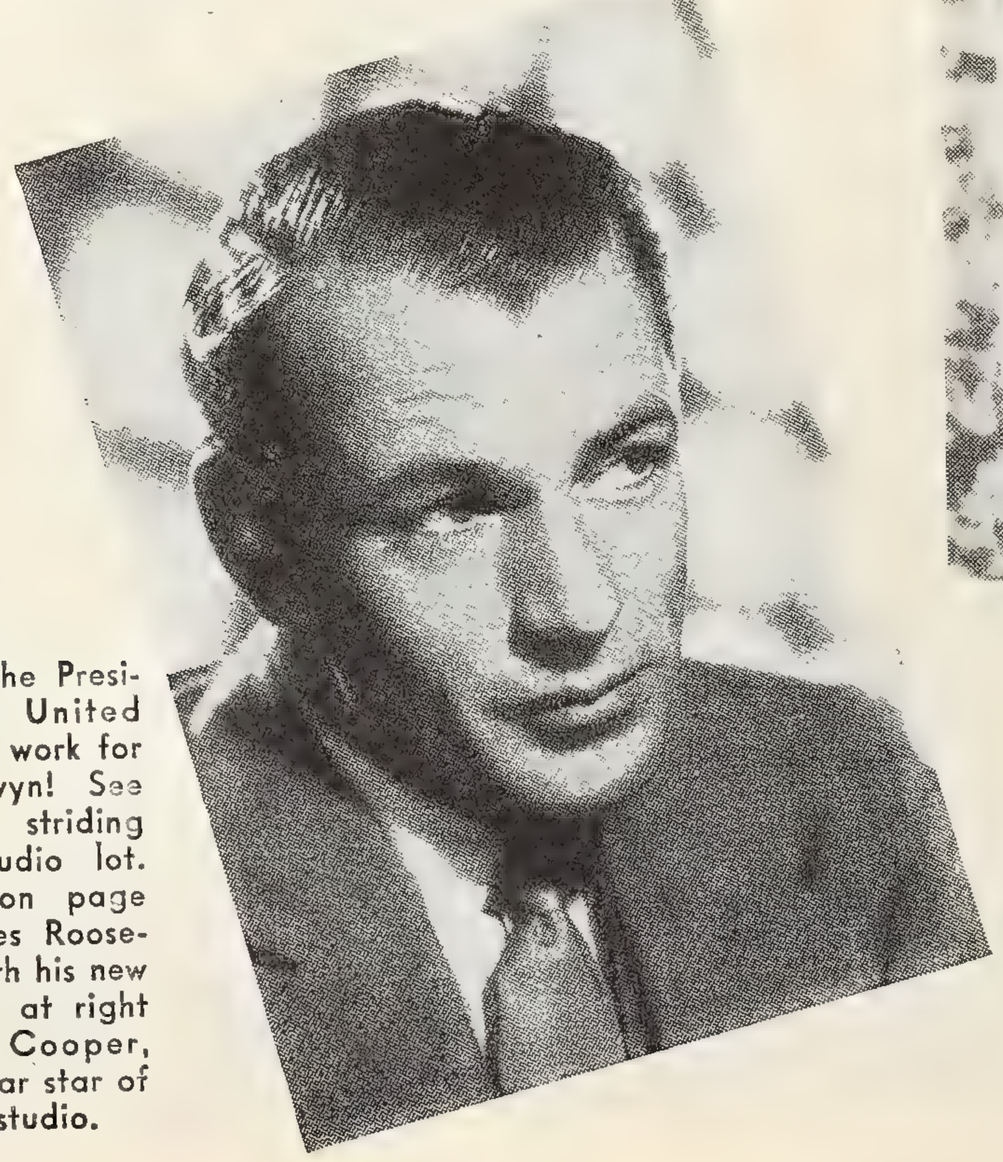
Jimmy—and everybody in Hollywood has taken to calling him Jimmy—is the eldest of the Roosevelt boys, and is reputed to be a very bright young man. In fact, when Mr. Goldwyn talks about him, he murmurs over and over during the conversation, "Brilliant mind. Magnificent mind." Additional evidence concerning Jimmy's mental stature was adduced by a Goldwyn aide, who, in reply to a wag's statement that Goldwyn had spent an entire day teaching young Roosevelt the business, said, "He was through by two o'clock."

However modest his appraisal of himself, Jimmy is a genius. He may not like this idea, but he must become reconciled to it, for everyone in Hollywood receiving more than $500 a week is a genius. Many getting less claim to be, but they are just pretenders. Further, the rating is clinched for him because he works for Goldwyn, and it is well known that Sam has nothing but geniuses in his employ.

Why did young Roosevelt join the movies, and why did Goldwyn hire at a substantial salary one who makes no pretense of knowing anything about the business are the two most frequently asked questions. Possibly no conclusive answer can be given to either, for these can only come with time, but out of the facts that are known today can emerge fairly sound deductions. From a realistic standpoint, two factors are self-evident: Goldwyn is impressed by famous names, and Roosevelt wanted a job where the future for a young man was bright, where the hours are pleasant and the wages are good.

Jimmy Roosevelt is an engaging young man. The Washington correspondents found that out when he





Eldest son of the President of the United States goes to work for Samuel Goldwyn! See them, center, striding across the studio lot. Upper right on page opposite, James Roosevelt confers with his new boss. Close-up at right shows Gary Cooper, bright particular star of Goldwyn's studio.

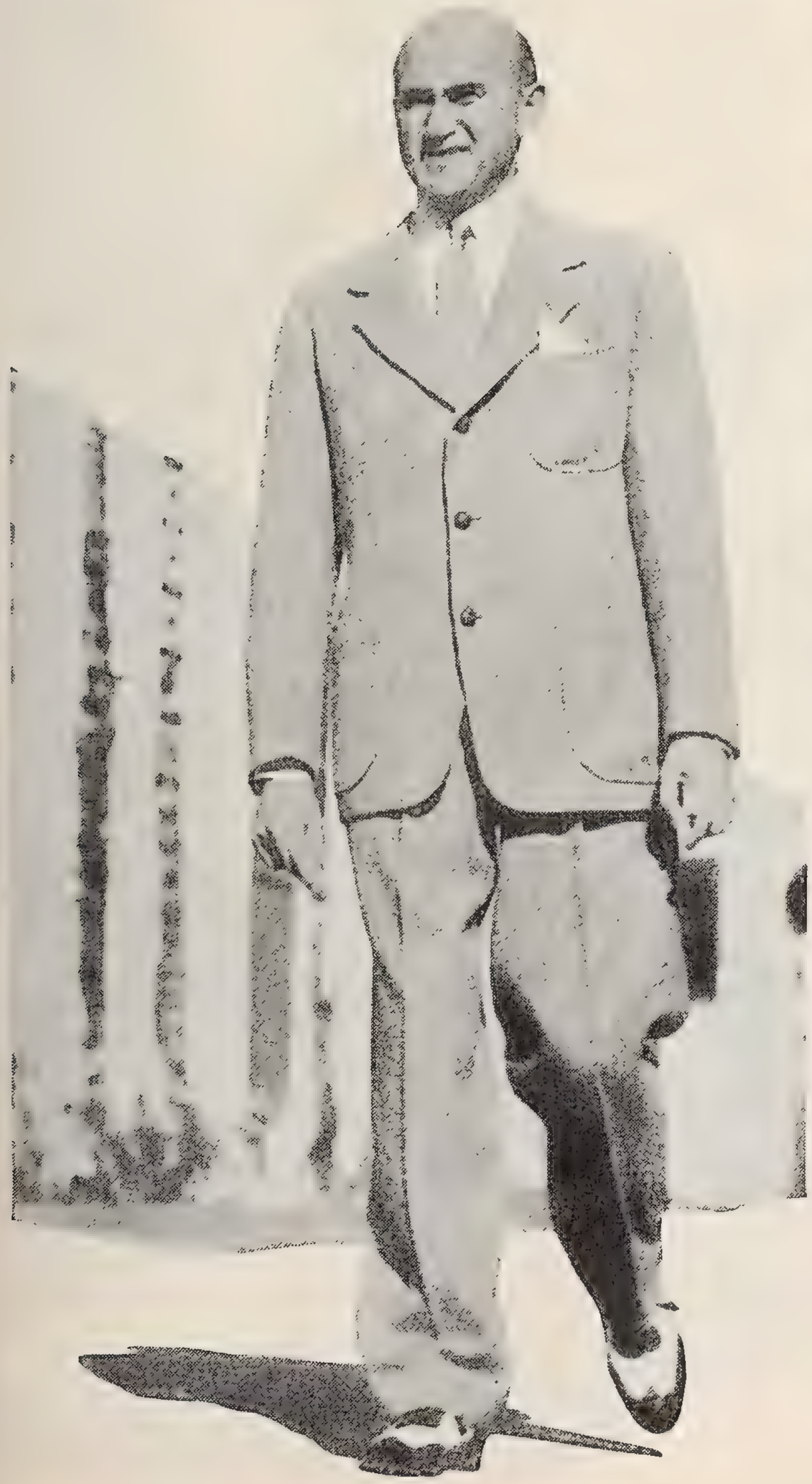
Movie producer hires President's son! The story of how Samuel Goldwyn, former glove salesman, signed up a Roosevelt is the story of America. It's human, heart-warming, real! Don't miss our authentic account by a noted writer

was secretary to the President, for the newspapermen's hostility when he joined the White House staff was evident. Within a few weeks, he had a majority of the reporters as his personal friends and staunchest admirers. With that charm that nearly all of the Roosevelts have exuded, he took the Hollywood correspondents into camp during the early moments of his first interview. They were not as antagonistic as had been the Washington lads, but they were suspicious of the Goldwyn motives.

Jimmy is thirty-one. He stands six feet four inches tall, and in many of his mannerisms resembles his father. After four years at Harvard, where he flunked out because of language, he married Betsey Cushing, daughter of a Boston physician. He has two children, the favorite actress of whom is Shirley Temple; Jimmy has none, or at least had none until he surveyed the Goldwyn contract list.

The life of a President's son bent upon getting ahead on his own is not easy. Everything he does his father's enemies attribute to pull and trading upon the White House name. The Roosevelt boys have had this brought home to them with some force. One of them got a $25 a week job in a department store, and the press emphasized the point that he was living in a $100-a-month apartment. Overlooked was the fact that it is a common thing for well-to-do parents to aid a young couple starting out. Jimmy went in the insurance business and was viciously attacked, although he disproved the charges. An illness, for which he was undergoing constructive treatment, was aggravated by the onslaughts to such a point that he was compelled to submit to an operation. He joined the White House secretariat at an annual salary of $10,000, and the attendant criticism declared that he had been given a sinecure by his father.

Joining the movies at a salary estimated to be $35,000 a year, the barrage against him was nation-wide. The





most commonly attributed reason for the new job was that he was to call off the Government's Anti-Trust suit against the motion picture industry. The viciousness of such a charge is exceeded only by its ludicrousness.

Unfortunately for Jimmy, the choice of his life's work came at a time when his father was in the White House. Sons of the average well-to-do family are selecting their careers at around twenty-five, and Jimmy was no exception. It was unavoidable that he would be criticized for anything he did, for the political enemies of his father were bound to make capital of his every act whether wise or not. It takes older heads than Jimmy's to analyze people's motives and determine when they are seeking to take advantage of him.

Consideration of Goldwyn's interest in Roosevelt results in one of two conclusions; the first is laudable and the second is understandable. Jimmy is a bright young man. There have been very few dopes in the Roosevelt clan, and it is probable that he possesses in an excellent degree the Roosevelt intellect. As Vice-President of the Goldwyn concern, and even though his duties are pretty vague at the moment, it is reasonable to assume that he will contribute something of interest to the screen. This is a business the entire stock in trade of which is ideas. There are (*Please turn to page 92*)

Hedy Lamarr Fights for her Private Life!

EVER since the preview of "Algiers" Hedy Lamarr's friends have been worrying themselves sick about her. They even sit up nights worrying. They're afraid success will go to Hedy's pretty head. They're afraid she will change from the warm friendly human being that she is to a cold and conceited automaton with an adding machine for a heart. Hollywood does such things to foreign actresses. Just look at Garbo, Dietrich, and Rainer. Before "The Torrent" Garbo was one of the friendliest girls ever to hit Hollywood. She used to run around ringing doorbells with John Gilbert, and, I have heard on good authority, even "crashed" a few parties. When Marlene arrived in the film capital, a plumpish German frau, very badly dressed, she was as natural as the day is long. She was ardent and animated and childishly impulsive. Sob stories kept her broke. She wanted so much to be liked by the American people. And so did the wistful Rainer.

For some strange reason nearly every European star who has come to the American screen has become so dopey and affected that they have lost all contact with the American picture-going public. One success and they cease being human. Two successes and they are egomaniacs. No wonder Hedy's friends have whipped up a fine crop of wrinkles. They couldn't bear to think of a swell gal like Hedy going high-hat. But it seemed inevitable. They worried so that soon they had me worrying too. But that was before I met Hedy. I have met her now. And I am not at all worried.

I was forced to fenagle a meeting with the star who is generally acclaimed the hottest thing in pictures today. A year ago there would have been no fenagling. Why, Metro was giving her away in those days! If I was insane enough to want an interview with a foreign girl whose option very likely would not be (*Please turn to page 76*)



How Hedy looked when she first arrived in this country, right. Below and opposite page, Lamarr today. Hit of "Algiers," she's now with Spencer Tracy in "I Take This Woman."



Most talked about girl in Hollywood is waging desperate battle, revealed for the first time in this exclusive interview!

By
Elizabeth Wilson



International

Wide World

Allies Hollywood Life

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, the Gary Coopers, Clark and Rhea Gable, Leslie Howard—left to right across top. Son Ronald, Mrs. Leslie Howard, and the actor; the Fred Astaires, above, left to right.

IT WAS one of those gay Hollywood parties given in a palatial built-from-movie-money Beverly Hills mansion. A six-piece orchestra played rhumba and swing from a balcony; glasses tinkled and clinked at the bar; a buffet supper was being served in the dining room; Joe E. Brown was clowning in the drawing room; guests were dancing or wandering about chatting and having a good time and the moon was doing pretty well by romancers outside on the wide terrace. Other guests sitting at small tables were indulging in personal observations on the party and guests in general, on who was having a good time and who wasn't, the daring cut of Marlene Dietrich's new gown from Paris, all under the guise and expertly polite pretense of playing cards.

Dick Powell and his cute little wife, Joan Blondell, were sitting on the staircase in the entrance hall—holding hands, and watching Joe E. A screen magazine photographer had sat them there for a picture—and there they stayed. Joan, honey-blonde, blue-eyed and vivacious was the most attractive girl at the party. She clung to Dick's arm, and he was obviously content that she should do so. Someone remarked on what a happy married couple they were; and a dreamy-eyed young thing, a niece of the host, out from the East on a visit, murmured that she could be "perfectly happy if she could just marry a movie star. It wouldn't matter which one, Bob Taylor, Jimmy Stewart, or Tyrone Power, because it would be so thrilling to be a famous star's wife." The rest of us smiled at her girlish enthusiasm—and I dare say there wasn't a girl in the room who wouldn't like to be the "Mrs." before such names as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Wayne Morris—to say nothing of Nelson Eddy! Our New York débutante's ambition is shared enthusiastically by girls the world over who keep the mails hot with letters to the bachelor (*Please turn to page 74*)

Glamor Girls versus Wives! A clash that makes eternal vigilance the price of marital happiness for stars

By May Mann

Play Second Fiddle!



Leonard Frank

Artist Leonard Frank's illustration dramatizes the Glamour Girl taking the spotlight as the Hollywood Wife retires to the background. Above, the Warren Williams, top; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni, lower.

Charlie McCarthy's Secretary Tells All

By Kay Hardy



NOW you've heard everything, folks! Charlie McCarthy has a secretary!

If you ask him, he'll tell you it's "kinda annoying, sorta," to have Bergen hanging around every time he wants to do a little dictating. He has to reverse the usual procedure of lap-sitting, too, but irksome little details like these don't cramp his style one bit. No, sir! Not Casanova McCarthy!

Her name is Mary Hanrahan, which made Charlie warm toward her the first time he met her. She's a slender, dark-haired girl with hazel eyes, a peaches-and-cream complexion and a flair for clothes that keeps her pleasantly broke. Her official title of secretary is merely a feeble term for a combination of business adviser, interior decorator, nurse, custodian of Charlie, and Girl Scout. In her spare time (there's irony in that statement somewhere) she works as secretary to Mr. Bergen.

Mary's story is one of those truth-is-stranger-than-fiction things that would bring letters of indignation from the public about "insulting our intelligence with such unbelievable stuff" if it were used as a plot for a movie. Mary, you see, didn't want to work for Mr. Bergen. Mr. Bergen didn't want Mary to work for *him*. That's how much you can rely on that first impression being the best idea. Why, Mary was the



S-h-h! Secrets! The dummy whose wisecracks are the pride of a nation really has a Girl Friday. Meet attractive, very efficient Mary Hanrahan

one person in this world who was exactly suited for the position in every way. That's a rash statement, I know, but I'll bet you agree with me when you finish reading the story.

Think, now, for a minute about one or two secretaries of your acquaintance. How many of them have a Bachelor of Science degree floating around the house? How many have ever run two shops of their own simultaneously? Or been assistant credit manager to a big wholesale house? Is any one of them an executive secretary to a big novelty company? There will be a brief pause while you catch your breath before I tell you of Mary's acceptance into the Rockefeller Foundation, where she was connected with the council of State Governments and the Public Administration Clearing House. You can begin to understand why Charlie is so proud of her.

"What," you ask, "is a girl of such tested executive ability doing as secretary to a couple of feet of lumber and a ventriloquist? Must be a simple job!"

Tell Mary you think it's a sinecure, and she'll laugh hysterically. Every bit of knowledge and experience she's ever had has been put to work at one time or another in this one job. She has to know how to handle correspondence. (Charlie's fan mail is tremendous and he's inclined to dawdle over the delicately scented ones.) Her experience while working for the novelty company gave her the knowledge she needed to handle patents and such on all the products Charlie's pert likeness adorns, ranging from books and greeting cards to shirts, radios, and soap. Her merchandising experience fits in here so nicely that now Mary capably handles all the details herself, flying to New York when it's necessary to close a deal. All this, mind you, without neglecting her other duties. She's able to advise Mr. Bergen on many things, although he has excellent business judgment and a sense of the fitness of things that allows him to take care of himself when the wolves of Hollywood, to say nothing of the termites, come howling at his door. Working in State affairs taught her the finer points of diplomacy, which helps greatly in handling Master McCarthy's publicity. I'd hate to think what would happen if that little imp got to the reporters himself.

Mary's most important natural asset, I think, is her initiative. After all, she has no precedent to guide her. When a particularly knotty problem arises, she can't draw on the knowledge of predecessors, because there haven't been any. Mr. Bergen is unique, and so is her job. She has poise, too—she needs it! Imagine dining in an exclusive restaurant with Mr. Bergen, and just as the dignified waiter is serving the soup, hear Charlie screaming from his suitcase under the table, "Help! Let me out! I'm suffocating!"

Now that you know something of the present set-up, we'll use a favorite trick of our Hollywood producers and cut back to a scene in the novelty company where Mary has just resigned her job. If you look closely, you can see a grinning little fellow named Luck, now garbed in the more dignified robes which disguise him as Fate, watching as Mary leaves the building, goes home, packs, and departs for New York for a well-earned vacation. Rested and refreshed, she returns to Chicago a few weeks later, only to find she is bored having nothing to do all day after the routine of the past few years. She has made application for admittance to the Rockefeller Foundation, but there is no word from them yet.

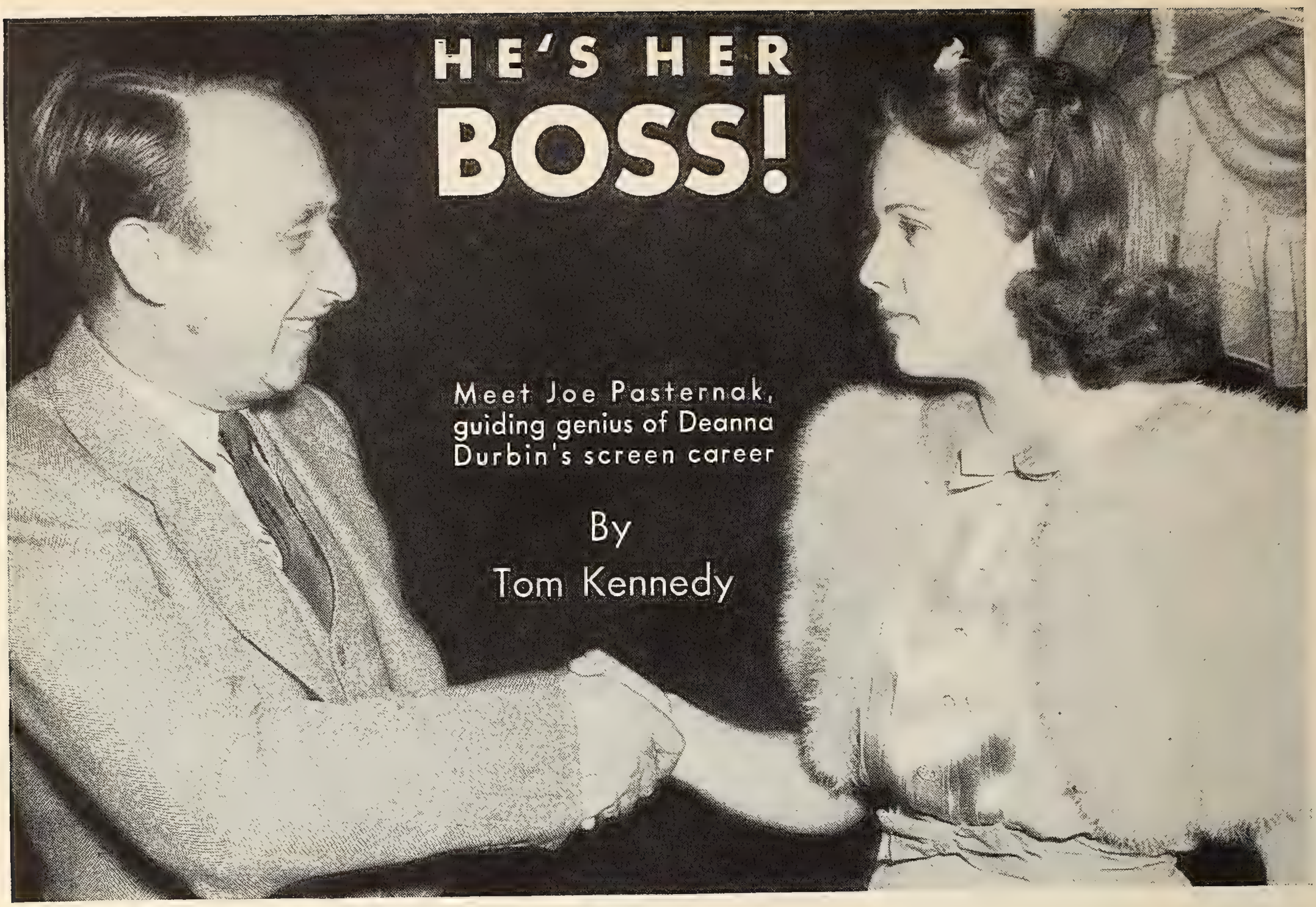
It was the Sunday paper that started it. There was an interesting advertisement in it that Mary felt just had to be answered, so she went down-town early the next morning and discovered the office was that of the Music Corporation of America. One look at the reception room crowded with girls told her that they had read somewhere about the early bird getting the worm, but this time the worm turned, and the first person to be interviewed was Miss Hanrahan. Mr. Smith asked her about her experience, schooling, etc., then said: "I'm sorry, Miss Hanrahan, we have no positions open that pay the salary to which you are entitled. However" (here he handed her an application blank), "we sometimes have sudden calls for secretaries for orchestras, and it's difficult to find one in a few hours. When we run across someone very capable, like yourself, we ask them to fill out this blank and we then file it for reference."

Well, Mary took the blank home with her and stuffed it in a drawer with some old rubber bands, a couple of old snapshots, and a recipe for nut fudge cake. If this were a movie, the audience would be worrying for fear she wouldn't fill it out; but it isn't, and anyway Mary received word that same afternoon that her application to the Foundation had been accepted, and she was to start work the next morning. As far as she could see, this was her future. *This* was what she had been looking for! A pleasant position, nice hours, congenial surroundings, charming people—for the first time in her life, she was content. If anyone had told her that within three months she would quit her job (*Please turn to page 80*)



No dull moments in the day of Mary Hanrahan, Charlie's and Bergen's private secretary, who doesn't get much privacy—see upper left, with McCarthy trying to listen in to a phone conversation. Below, opposite, "Sometimes you're as bad as Charlie," Mary tells Edgar Bergen, who tinkers with a toy McCarthy while the busy Miss Hanrahan tries to get him to discuss some important business. Left, Charlie's Girl Friday puts him in his case for the trip to Universal studios, where he and Bergen are starring with W. C. Fields in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man."

HE'S HER BOSS!



Meet Joe Pasternak, guiding genius of Deanna Durbin's screen career

By
Tom Kennedy

THE oldest company in the movie business was facing the hardest times experienced in its near quarter century of existence, when sheer accident brought together a little known producer, an obscure director, and a 14-year-old girl castoff from the contract lists of a rival studio. This unique triumvirate, destined to become one of Hollywood's greatest "money" combinations, were principal collaborators on a production that brought such a rain of coins at theatre box offices that in the trade it is credited with having turned the ebbing tide of a $6,000,000 corporation.

The girl, Deanna Durbin, has become more widely famous than the men who guided her to stardom in her very first feature film, and went on to prove that neither she nor they were mere flashes in the picture-making saucepan by following that picture with two more equally popular and lucrative. The two men, Producer Joe Pasternak and Director Henry Koster, playing parts behind the screen are members of that "unsung" galaxy of the cinema's star system. They are associates because the one, Pasternak, so willed it when his company, Universal, promoted him in 1928 from assistant director to producer of its foreign films made in Europe for strictly European distribution. Recalled to Hollywood just prior to the sale of the company by its founder, Carl Laemmle, Pasternak brought Koster with him.

Sandy-complected, nervous, almost fidgety in the way he darts his pale blue eyes, Joe Pasternak today has two great enthusiasms. One is America, the adopted country to which he came first as an immigrant from Hungary when he was 19, and where a man can be "free, not a puppet for the manipulation of some tyrant or political masters." The other is Deanna Durbin. On both subjects Pasternak talks with such excited praise that he becomes embarrassed by his own enthusiasm and vehemence.

"I'm afraid to talk like this—it might be taken as exaggeration, flattery uttered with an ulterior motive," he said in the middle of a summation of the causes to which he attributes Deanna Durbin's retention of what may be called unspoiled naturalness in the face of praise and adulation heaped on by glamor makers of Hollywood and an applauding public. Who made stars out of who in the fortuitous accident that brought Deanna Durbin, Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster into conjunction on the Universal lot in 1936, is something you can place beside the "which came first, chicken or egg?" as a premise for unending argument. Deanna Durbin's entrance into the picture was the merest accident, as facts (not previously recorded so far as I know) were set forth by Pasternak in the course of an interview about which this is concerned.

Pasternak had been assigned a routine picture of the run of the mill sort after waiting months for a definite production commission on the lot. He picked his own director, Koster. Together they selected a cast from the Universal contract list, with the exception, that is, of the youngest of the "Three Smart Girls." For that part, Pasternak was negotiating for Edith Fellowes, who had impressed him by her work in the Claudette Colbert picture, "She Married Her Boss." Then Deanna Durbin was brought to Universal for a test, and Pasternak immediately picked her. The part was a minor one. No singing, which was Deanna's chief claim to consideration for the screen, was provided in the original script, and the production budget was very limited. But as scenes progressed, Pasternak and Koster kept building up the part the Durbin lass was playing. As daily rushes came through the budget was constantly increased by studio heads who from day to day became more convinced that Pasternak was bringing in a winner. The songs were added, the Durbin part expanded to principal character interest—with results known far and wide since the day "Three Smart Girls" was (*Please turn to page* 95)

Screenland Salutes

LOVELY
OLIVIA
DE
HAVILLAND



Screenland Salutes

WAYNE MORRIS

Warners' big boy will next be seen in "A Broadway Cavalier." We hope it will be another "Kid Galahad" for Wayne—he needs it!



Hurrell



BETTE DAVIS

Screen's best actress has completed "Dark Victory," in which she is said to top her own finest performances. Next, "Juarez"

Hurrell



Screenland Salutes

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, as Vernon and Irene Castle, in the fox-trot number from "The Castles," their new film.

Exclusive dance photographs of Rogers and Astaire by John Michle, RKO-Radio

Screenland Salutes

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Beauty and a golden voice—why can't this charming person make good in Hollywood?



Eugene Robert Richee

BETTY GRABLE

We'd like to see the pretty, buoyant and blonde Betty in more and better pictures!

Eugene Robert Richee

Screenland Salutes

MIRTH!

Don Ameche

MENACE!

John Garfield



Gene Korman,
20th Century-Fox

SONJA HENIE

Empress of the ice, now making one of her triumphal skating tours of the country "in person," surprises with new numbers and new hair-do—we like both! Henie is indeed a honey



CLAIRE TREVOR

Movies' handsomest blonde, radio's voice rave in the "Big Town" broadcasts with Edward G. Robinson, Claire now has a really big rôle in "Stage Coach," epic Western for Walter Wanger

D'Gaggeri

Screenland Salutes

LORETTA YOUNG

Since "Kentucky" we must credit the Young girl with once more warming our hearts as well as bewitching our eyes with a genuinely poignant and sincere performance

20th Century-Fo

JOAN ON ICE

Cutting capers, to say nothing of a fancy figure or two, Joan Crawford turns to the merry mood after a succession of emotional rôles. Joan's new picture is "Ice Follies of 1939," in which she has the collaboration of James Stewart and Lew Ayres, among many others, in a spectacular and most promising film.



Can You Dance 1 HOUR and 34 MINUTES Without Tiring ?

ENERGY TESTS with BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, an active adult weighing 120 lbs., can dance continuously for 1 hour and 34 minutes on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth candy.

Lively people are gay, interesting partners in every kind of activity. Their energy lends them charm and personality. The energy of the body comes chiefly from Dextrose, which is the primary "fuel" sugar of the body.

Baby Ruth candy, so pure and delicious, is rich in Dextrose—rich in real food energy. You'll enjoy Baby Ruth—and you'll find it helps you to forestall fatigue.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
OTTO SCHNERING, President

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY!

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

Be A Winner in Pet Picture Contest

Here are winners of our first (January 1939 issue) Pet Contest. Don't let your pet down. Your dog or other pet deserves its chance to win. First prize, Morgan Dennis portrait reproduced on opposite page. We also pay $5.00 for each additional pet picture published



FIRST PRIZE (Morgan Dennis original portrait: Bette Davis and "Miss Tibbie")—Lossie Chamblin, Chicago, Ill., and her five white Spitz puppies, named after the Dionne Quints.



Winner of $5.00. Mr. Hoover, owned by Mrs. Alden Eldridge, Buzzards Bay, Mass.



Winner of $5.00. Aggy the alligator, and owner, Ruth Hooper Larisson, New York City.



Winner of $5.00. Peter, owned by Miss Ruth Fleming, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.



Winner of $5.00. Scotties, owned by Mrs. E. Y. Mason, Jr., Rochester, N. Y.

NOW that you see the winners of our first contest, you'll surely want to enter your pet in this, the third of the series. Send in a picture of your pet—dog, cat, canary or whatever it is—and give it a chance to win. Remember, first prize is the original of the Morgan Dennis portrait of Constance Bennett and "Sandy," reproduced on opposite page. Remember, too, we pay $5.00 cash for every pet picture we publish. Winners in the second (February 1939 issue) Pet Contest, will be announced next month. Winners of this, the third Contest, will be announced in May, 1939, issue.



Winner of $5.00. Cat and puppy, owned by Miss Dorothy Doyle, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I am entering SCREENLAND Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed.

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

CONTEST CONDITIONS:

1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.
3. Contest closes midnight, March 2nd, 1939.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.



CONSTANCE BENNETT AND "SANDY"
BY MORGAN DENNIS



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Mickey Rooney in "Huckleberry Finn"

"Disgustingly Normal!"

So Shirley Ross sums herself up for you

By Ned Gage

"SHIRLEY ROSS: temperature normal—breakfasts on coffee, sliced orange, toast, marmalade—calls husband 'darling'—a bride wedded several months but has been too busy to have a honeymoon—got into films as a blues singer but says there's no future in it (blues singing)—writes with left hand—real name Bernice Gaunt———" We interrupt, ladies and gentlemen, to tell you that this is not a confidential report based on information supplied by doctors, dieticians or undercover snoops and published in violation of the ethics, but a transcript of notes found among the effects of a reporter who recently had the pleasure of interviewing Shirley Ross in her dressing room at a theatre where she was making a personal appearance. Going even further, without your permission, in connection with these notes (not at all rare—they turn up after every interview) we will say that the notes themselves are not made public because they have any significance whatever. We bring them up only because they reminded us to tell you something about Shirley Ross.

We needn't tell you that Shirley Ross is the blonde, grey-eyed, very shapely limbed songstress who popularized "Thanks for the Memory" in "Big Broadcast of 1938" to such a memorable degree that Paramount made a film (the first in history to be a sequel to a song) by that title with Shirley Ross and Bob Hope co-starring. But we beg to jog your memory to recall that Shirley has had such ups and downs during her 4-year career in Hollywood as usually add up to "out" for young screen aspirants. But Shirley, you'll notice, is now definitely "in"—featured parts in five pictures in a row. Five (count 'em): "Big Broadcast of 1938," "Blossoms on Broadway," "Prison Farm," "Thanks for the Memory" (1938 releases), "Paris Honeymoon" and "Café Society" (completed in 1938 for early '39 release). A schedule like that gives a girl a very wide circle of acquaintance among the film-goers, which is something studio bosses very well know and therefore proves the same bosses repose a lot of confidence in Shirley's ability to become a "screen name."

When we walked into the room where we saw Shirley Ross for the first time in person we thought we had gotten into the wrong place. Seated in a far corner of a large "star-sized" backstage dressing-room was a very blonde person with a thermometer protruding (*Please turn to page 92*)





KENTUCKY—20th Century-Fox

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans

HEART-WARMING entertainment of which I enjoyed practically every minute, after the grim prologue was once out of the way. It's as refreshing, as lovely and as fragrant as blue-grass, and I can't imagine anyone not having a grand time at it. It's the true South that's shown, not the phoney you-all sort of thing that makes Yankees wish they'd stayed home. It's all in gorgeous Technicolor. If I attempt to tell you the plot you might decide to stay away and miss this delightful picture, so I'll gloss over the fact that it's all about one of those familiar North-South family feuds. Loretta Young, a vision in Technicolor, plays the Southern girl with all the sincerity I've been missing from her recent performances—this time she seems to forget Loretta for the character she is playing, and her reward is that she convinces us not only that she is lovelier than ever to look at, but that she is still essentially a brilliant young player. Richard Greene is nice as the boy, but it is Walter Brennan who hobbles away with the film in the rich rôle of a crochety old gentleman. Yes, you'll see the Derby run—the most exciting horse-race, outside of the news-reels, that has ever been filmed. Go to "Kentucky"—you're welcome, gentlemen!



SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M

YOU MacDonald-Eddy fans have already written your own reviews of this one, in long lines at theatre box-offices from New York to California, so what can I say? It is definitely what you have ordered, it is a glossy show. For once, I suspect that neither the Jeanette MacDonald fan-clubs nor the Nelson Eddy addicts can quarrel, because it seems to me each star has an equal amount of footage and the same number of close-ups. Or wait a minute—that's exactly what *will* start a New Feud, with the MacDonald fanatics claiming that with Jeanette's undoubted advantage in Technicolor she should have rated more close-ups than Mr. Eddy, and the Nelson adorers just as positive that the blond baritone's slight edge in a more human and sympathetically written rôle should have been rewarded with just one more song. I'm not taking sides. I think Miss MacDonald is ravishing in Technicolor. For once Mr. Eddy leaves a warmer impression as an actor. The "big," but big musical numbers are overpoweringly gorgeous, but I liked the "little" big numbers in which Miss MacDonald's golden voice is a joy and her radiant presence a rainbow of loveliness. Frank Morgan, Reginald Gardiner and Mischa Auer provide de luxe comedy.



ZAZA—Paramount

A MAGNIFICENT performance in a chaotic picture is the bitter-sweet truth about Claudette Colbert in "Zaza." It gives the star her best acting opportunity in far too long, and she sails into it with beguiling verve and vivid charm. But even a passionately sincere performance cannot compensate for one of the oldest and creakiest plots in theatre history, and if it were not for the star's big moments the long, dull stretches of "Zaza" would be hard to bear. These big moments include the scenes in which Colbert brings the heroine to life with a gay abandon and wicked humor which are completely enchanting; and those other, tender scenes in which a subdued *Zaza* faces the child of the man she loves and resolves on renunciation. Even if you fight against it you will find yourself swallowing hard and blinking frantically as little Ann Todd plays mercilessly on your emotions, and Miss Colbert achieves the practically impossible—holding her own with a child star in eloquence and appeal. Herbert Marshall makes it hard to believe that *Zaza* could forsake all others for him; but Bert Lahr and Helen Westley are grand. See it for Colbert's performance, but don't blame me if you find "Zaza" just a flash in the can-can.

BEST ENTERTAINMENT:

"Kentucky"

"Sweethearts"

"Topper Takes A Trip"

FINEST DRAMA:

"Grand Illusion"

NOVELTY:

"Trade Winds"

BEST PERFORMANCES:

Claudette Colbert in "Zaza"

Walter Brennan in "Kentucky"

Jean Gabin, Dita Parlo in "Grand Illusion"

Ann Sothern in "Trade Winds"



TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists

WORLD TOUR with a wild sense of humor, "Trade Winds" is a decided novelty which I think you'll enjoy. A terrific travelogue in the de luxe manner, it takes you from San Francisco to Honolulu, Singapore, Bombay, Shanghai—with such travelling companions as Joan Bennett, looking more like Hedy Lamarr than Hedy herself, and Fredric March as a debonair detective—Mr. March in his best mood, that is for my taste—the gay one, not the moody one. There is a murder mystery to provide the excuse for the grand tour, with Joan, of all people, as the suspect, and Freddie in pursuit—don't worry, though, because all ends well. Besides the surprise of our blonde and beautiful Joan appearing in sirenish guise, there is the added excitement of Ann Sothern in a mad gay rôle. She is grand as a sophisticated secretary, and I think we may count on Miss Sothern's continued screen activity from now on, for if any actress can take Jean Harlow's place it is she. This is one picture where the whole cast seems to be enjoying themselves instead of working hard for money. I don't think Miss Bennett is a real threat to Lamarr, but I had a good time at "Trade Winds."



TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists

IF YOU thought "Topper" couldn't be topped you will be pleasantly surprised, not to say exhilarated, by this comedy. To me even funnier than "Topper" the first, this fresh and contagiously amusing sequel records further adventures of Roland Young as *Mr. Topper,* Billie Burke as the bubbling *Mrs. Topper,* and Constance Bennett as the disturbing element—this time Connie comes back to earth again even more determinedly devilish than usual—accompanied by Skippy, the irresistible wire-haired terrier. Unfortunately, Cary Grant is detained by previous film engagements and so can make this trip only in the form of a flashback; but much as I like Mr. Grant I can't say that you miss him so much, once the fun starts. You remember, of course, the hilarious materializations and dematerializations achieved by camera wizardry—well, they are even more mysterious and amusing this time, as the story begins in New York and moves racily to Paris. Roland Young continues his wistful and engaging characterization and Miss Burke is even funnier than before. As for Miss Bennett, if you like her shrewd and subtle playing you will revel in this and if you don't quite revel you will find her always decorative.



GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures Corp.

IF YOU can find this fine French film playing anywhere in your neighborhood I suggest that you do not miss it. As a matter of fact, it is well worth going out of your neighborhood to catch, if you really care for pure cinema at its finest. Directed by Jean Renoir, son of the famous painter, it is a revelation in picture-making both artistically and humanly speaking, for it presents in true cinematic form a new viewpoint of war, neither, as has been said, glorifying or "gorifying" it, but showing the reactions of men under the stress of a great conflict. You will find no super-colossal battle scenes here, but a powerful picture of men in prison camps, men longing for peace. The great French screen actor, Jean Gabin, plays the ordinary man caught in the war maze, and he provides a splendid example of the best European performer who never permits his own personality to intrude upon his characterization. Pierre Fresnay plays the aristocrat sickened by war, while Eric von Stroheim is excellent as the German officer. The one woman in the cast, Dita Parlo, should be seen by every Hollywood actress. Mlle. Parlo, permitted only one close-up but she accomplishes more with that than some actresses with dozens of 'em.

Screenland Glamor School

Edited by

Phyllis Brooks





Of interest to every girl is the personal wardrobe of Cary Grant's favorite person, pretty blonde Phyllis Brooks. Here is the pre-view posed for us in Phyllis' new Westwood home

Opposite page, Phyllis poses at her own chic green-and-red cocktail bar in that indispensable "little" black crepe dress. On her tiptilted hat is a garden of tiny blue flowers made of feathers. Left, she's a gracious hostess at afternoon tea in her gown of banana-colored crepe, highlighted by gold zipper, gold on belt, heavy gold bracelets. Left below, outdoor ensemble of rosy-beige wool dress, with plaid top-coat of brown, rust, and beige. Below, two shades of rose, one soft, the other brilliant, are used in this charming dinner gown.

Glamor School photographs of Phyllis Brooks posed exclusively for SCREENLAND *by Gene Kornman, 20th Century-Fox.*







Simple but dramatic is Phyllis Brooks here in her "monastic" dress of dark blue crepe for informal evenings at home or for small dinner parties. Colorful peasant embroidery outlines the deep pockets and edges the cap sleeves. On opposite page, the classic California play-suit selected by Phyllis to enjoy a romp in her own garden with her prize-winning Kerry Blue, "Mickey." The play-suit is a tropical print in colors of aquamarine, amethyst, and sunset-red. Miss Brooks' new film is one of the 20th Century-Fox series, "Charlie Chan in Honolulu."



"I'll Be An Author If It

What next! Joan Blondell, movie star, wife, mother, has a secret wish that comes to light here

As told to Liza

COMPLETELY *entre nous* of course, and don't let it go any further, I think that movie stars are just a teeny bit cracked. Maybe I am stupid at figuring things out (there's a man in the income tax office who will swear to that) but I simply don't understand why people who have become Important Somebodies in what the New York critics laughingly refer to as their "art" can't just relax and enjoy their long red nails, their square cut diamonds, their perfectly lovely salary checks, and that adorable Tyrone Power.

I shall never forget the day I had lunch with Helen Hayes in a studio commissary. Helen's "White Sister" had reduced me to a soft pulp and I was drooling over her like a setter puppy. Suddenly the-greatest-since-Duse sat bolt upright in her chair, choked on a piece of celery, and fairly ogled at a nearby table where slouched one of Hollywood's Beautiful Bores—whose name I have long since forgotten, and so has every one else. "Isn't she beautiful!" sighed Helen. "I'd give anything in the world to look like that." Well, really.

In time I became accustomed to the fact that Holly-





First picture of the Dick Powells' heiress—the happy baby at left in picture above. Joan's son Normie is the handsome young man. Across the page, proud papa Dick Powell. Photograph exclusive to SCREENLAND by Len Weissman.

wood is a mess of frustrations and that practically all Dramatic Actresses want to be Perfect Profiles, and Perfect Profiles want to be Bette Davises; that Charlie Chaplin and Harpo Marx want to be *Hamlet* and *Hamlet* wants to be Mickey Mouse. But the day I discovered that Joan Blondell wants to be Theodore Dreiser I must say I received a terrific jolt.

Personally, I don't see why any star in her right mind —and I have never doubted Joan's mind; her veracity, yes, but her mind, no—should want to putter about with a lot of old typewriter keys that chip one's nail polish something awful. Joan has a perfectly marvelous husband (I don't have to tell you that his name is Dick Powell), two precious children, an expensive Bel-Air roof over her head, and a screen career that we'd sell our souls for. But it isn't enough that Joan should be a wife, a mother, and a movie star—oh no, she wants to be an author too! Imagine, writing when you don't have to. Imagine, wrestling with a metaphor when you have Dick Powell to pay the rent. I *can't* imagine. But Joan, who is made of finer stuff, had rather see her name in ten point caslon than in electric lights. She'd rather you compliment her on an interesting paragraph than on a magnificent performance! It takes a lot of people to make a world, I always say.

I discovered Joan's literary yearnings one day last summer when I was a guest on the Powell boat for a week-end. I came up on deck (and none too soon, I may add) Sunday morning to find Dick vigorously polishing brass and singing away at some old sea chanty he had picked up in a "B" picture. His little bride was leaning against the cabin door dabbing herself with sun tan oil with one hand, writing madly on a piece of wrapping paper with the other, and crying as if she had just seen the destruction of the entire human race.

What goes on, I thought, weakly collapsing on the deck, have the Powells come to a "parting of the ways" and presented me with a "scoop" when I'm too sick to care? All Joan's and Dick's friends know that Joan is allergic to boats and earthquakes. They do something to her stomach. Dick, of course, is mad about boats, they're his hobby, and the more they toss about the sea the better he likes them. There was a salty old skipper in Dick's family tree some place. Now Joan has always been very gallant about boats—she's a good little wife if I ever saw one—but we always said she'd reach the breaking point some day. Alas, even now she was writing a farewell letter to her innocent little children before casting herself to the hungry sharks. Poor, dear, noble Joan. In my pale green condition I was thoroughly in sympathy with Mrs. Powell. Mr. Powell was a *Captain Bligh,* definitely. I dragged my shattered body across the deck and plopped down beside Joan. "Tell me all about it," I said wanly, as a wave smacked me in the kisser, "I'll understand."

A fresh batch of tears poured down her cheeks and Joan fairly dissolved into soul-wracking gulps. "It's so sad," she said, blowing her (*Please turn to page* 82)

"I AM IN Danger!"

Richard Greene faces the hard facts of a young actor's life in Hollywood

By William H. McKegg



Dick with Loretta Young in "Kentucky," right; with Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess," below.



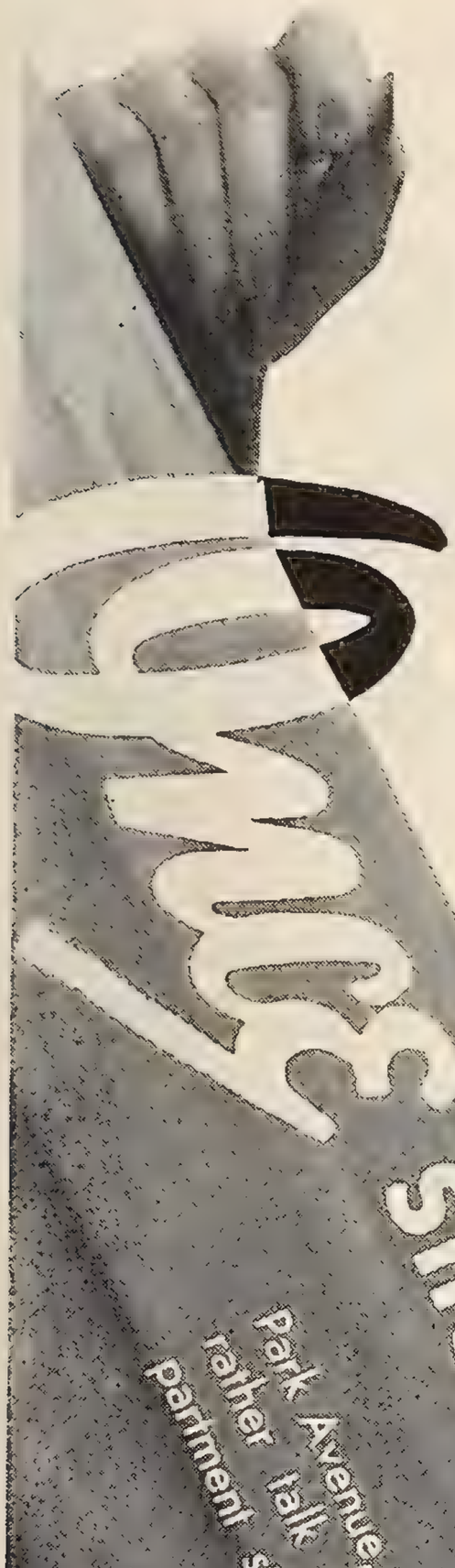
DICHARD GREENE declares he is in danger! He knows it, he faces it calmly. His *sang froid* comes perhaps from the fact that he was born in Plymouth, famous for Devonshire cream, and the Bowling Green where Drake played his historic game while the dangerous Spanish armada sailed up the English Channel. "Admiral, those Spaniards are here!" the watch yelled. But Francis stood firmly on Plymouth Hoe, as cool and as calm as a modern Greene, and bowled away, till the game was finished. Then, he finished the Spaniards in short time.

Dick says he has a safeguard for each kind of danger confronting him. And since coming to the movie mecca—Twentieth Century-Fox's competitor to Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor—danger, like a real trouper, has reared its head daily, sometimes twice on one day as if to include a matinée. Dick faces it all in a Drake-like manner. Some of the dangers are these: A newcomer usually is ignored by the established coteries of filmland. If he gets nowhere, he fades away, without (*Please turn to page* 84)

YOU'D never guess it. But Rosalind Russell was once a poor working girl. Toiled eight hours a day in a big New York shop. Punched the time-clock coming and going. Battled subway rush-hour mobs early and late. Made both ends meet on $15 a week. Lived in one room. Got her own breakfast from morning milk-bottle. Ate 15-cent lunches. Kept down to 30-cent dinners. Scraped up 10-cent tips. Blew herself now and then to a side-street movie. Washed out things at night to wear next day. So tired then she was ready to drop. But learned a lot about workaday humanity. And loved it all.

Coming from that seeming aristocrat of the screen, this revelation of an unsuspected part of her background proved all the more astonishing. Miss Russell had been expressing Hollywood in terms of work when unpredictably she disclosed: "After two years on the stage I deliberately left it for three months to work as a shop-girl at Saks-Fifth Avenue in New York. I wanted to find out if I could do something entirely different from anything I'd ever done. What I felt still more was the absolute need to be a two-job girl. But in my second job I made so many mistakes at first that they called me 'Error Russell.' I didn't mind that because everybody was ready to help me. And I learned something more than selling dresses. To me that store was an education in human nature. It taught me that a person can get along on very little and still be happy."

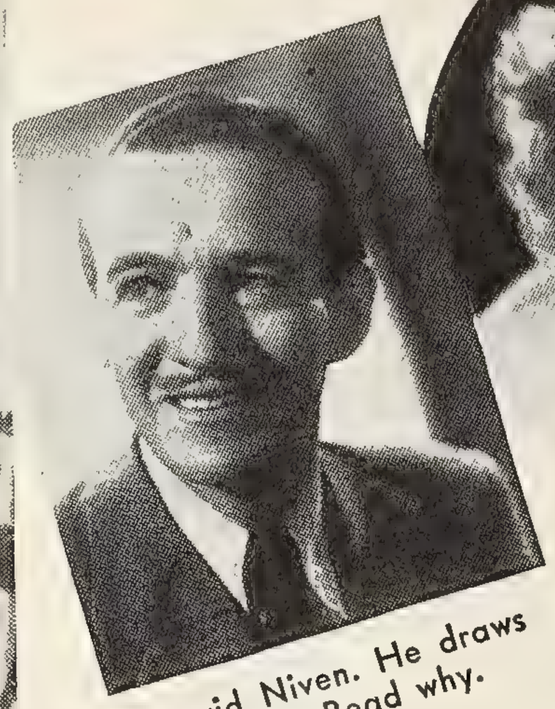
While warmly sensible of her practical philosophy, I was keen to know of her actual experiences, for after all a Broadway actress serving humbly in a Fifth Avenue shop is something that doesn't happen every day. "Perhaps not," agreed Miss Russell, "but what happened to me was so interesting that I shall always feel it to have been the most valuable experience of my life. One thing I'm sure of is that I was all the better for it. And once I'd made the break it was quite simple enough. Of course, it was necessary to watch the pennies, but that was good for me. On fifteen dollars a week I managed very nicely. Living in one room was no hardship—plenty of girls do it and at the same time look like a million. Not that I looked that way, but no matter. With me it was a case of the plainer the better. That helped me to fight with (*Please turn to page 85*)







Constance Bennett wins a Mook medal.



David Niven. He draws a bird. Read why.



Merle Oberon. You're welcome, beautiful!



James Cagney. Smile, Jim, it's a medal.



MEDALS and BIRDS

Hollywood parades past the one-man cheering and jeering section, and Mr. Mook again braves your boos or bows as he speaks his own mind

By S. R. Mook

SIX years now I've been dishing out Medals and Birds. This year—solely in order to relieve a spleenetic condition—I'm dishing out Birds and Medals. Hark ye!

The first Bird of the year goes to my favorite actress—Myrna, the Magnificent, Loy. There is no one on the screen as fascinating, glamorous, bewitching as Myrna and I would as soon think of passing with an ace-full in my hand as I would of missing one of her pictures, BUT! You have completely forgotten the days when you were a struggling actress, Myrna, and a helping hand was as rare as manna from heaven. Writers come to you with tales of a dead-line to meet and you promise them you'll see them Thursday. But on Thursday, it seems, you've gone fishing or you've gone to Ensenada, or you're not working. Because I'm in love with you—in a nice, polite, abstract way, of course, I choose to believe it isn't snootiness. You're just plain lazy, Myrna, and I'm giving you a bird because your off-screen life doesn't match up with the dazzling creature you are in pictures.

Mr. Astaire—Mr. Fred Astaire, I mean, because I don't think even your best friends would ever achieve the

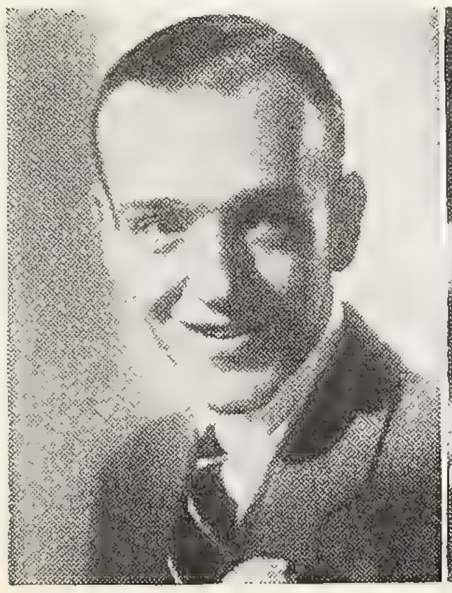
Paul Muni. "Ace actor, but——" says Mook



James Stewart. Makes a hit with everybody.



Fred Astaire. Smiles, but he gets a bird.



Virginia Grey. Wins a round of applause.



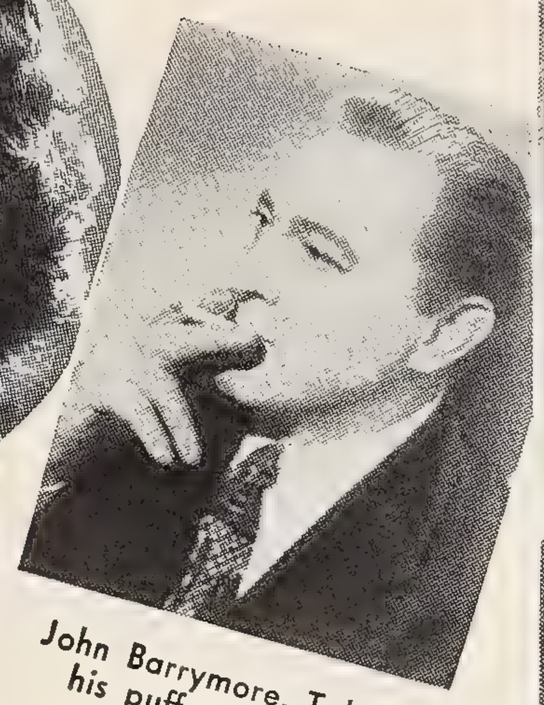


Jack Haley. Not on the gift list, eh?



Norma Shearer. We're surprised too!

Myrna Loy. Two guesses, what does she get?



John Barrymore. Takes his puff gracefully.





"Freddie" stage—your smugness and your social register complex give me a pain in the neck that even the electric heating pad and the bottle of Carter's Little Liver Pills my Aunt Miranda sent me for Christmas won't cure.

And to Dorothy Lamour goes another juicy bird because, Dorothy every song you sing is sung as though it were a torch song (you'd sing "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight" as though it were a heartbreaker) and because a while back you got a lot of publicity about having a baby or adopting a baby. Well how about it—the baby, we mean.

All of a sudden I remember the bottle of champagne Mr. Samuel Goldwyn thoughtfully sent me, and after a few sips (taken solely for medicinal purposes) I feel more than somewhat able to cope with The MEDALS.

The first goes to Lew Ayres because, after having had to omit him completely for a couple of years, it's a pleasure to hand him an award for the biggest comeback the flickers have recorded in many a moon and to say to the wisenheimers who said Lew's success was just a lucky break, "I told you he could act."

The bed of tiger lilies goes this year to Joan Crawford, not because of her ambition, not because of her achievements but because the more successful she becomes the more she sheds the phoney phases through which she has passed and becomes as down to earth as she was when she hadn't a butler to bless herself with.

Robert Taylor gets a medal because—to me—he is as simple and unassuming as he was when he was nobody and because, without rhyme or reason, there is no one who has taken a more merciless beating from the press without becoming embittered.

Carole Lombard gets the American Beauty roses because she is glamor girl #1, because while remaining Glamor Girl #1, she contrives to retain her sense of humor, because she has a keen sense of values (and I don't only mean $$$ values either) and because with all her glamor she is still the cinema colony's best COOK!

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Dorothy Lamour. Seems downhearted. Why?

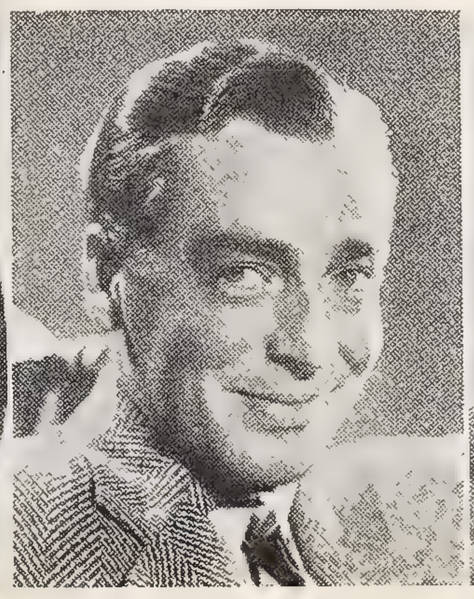
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Robert Young. Modest about his honors.



John Howard. Laughs to show he can take it.

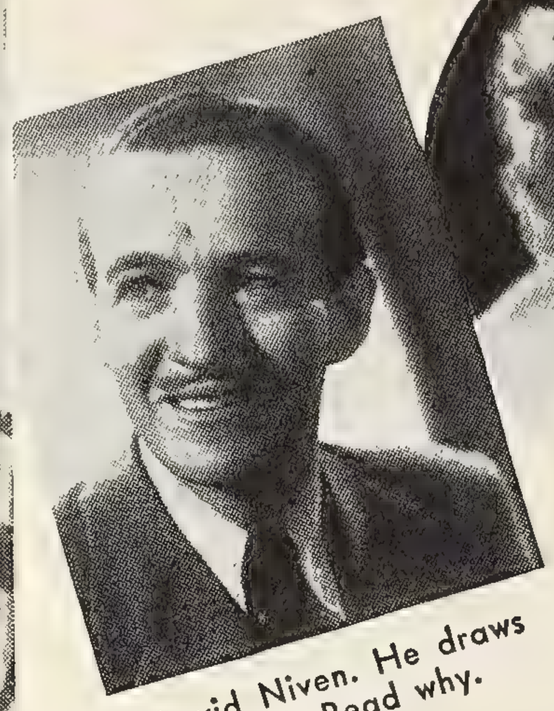


Hedy Lamarr. Glamor is sure to win.





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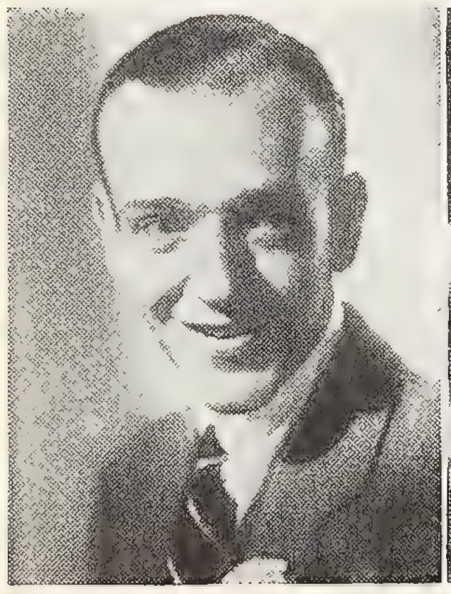


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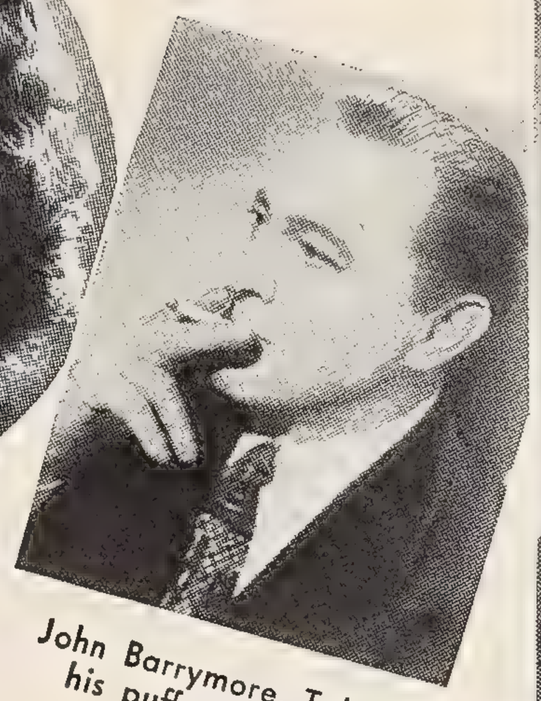


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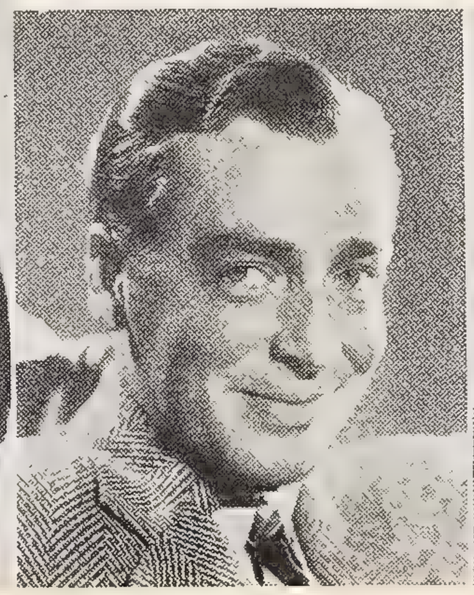
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Important Motion

By Betty Shannon

NEXT in SCREENLAND'S series of important women of the cinema comes the tall, striking Vyvyan Donner, who in the past ten years has carved a big place for herself in motion pictures. You have seen her name constantly on the screen—though I would not be surprised if you have been bewildered as to how to pronounce the "Vyvyan," which is really only good old "Vivian" spelt in its classic, medieval-English form.

What has this Vyvyan Donner done to be singled out as fourth in these annals of outstanding feminine accomplishment in films?—Mary Pickford, we know, is the screen's "First Lady." Frances Marion is its leading story writer. Natalie Kalmus worked with the courage and loyalty of a Madame Curie side by side with her husband in his laboratory and out, to fracture light and bend it to their will, until the gorgeous hues of the new Technicolor rewarded their dilgence. They were the first three of a series personalizing colorful career women of films.





Vyvyan Donner, above, with her Technicolor crew. Right, shooting a Fashion Forecast for Fox-Movietone. At top right across the page, a new portrait of the films' newsreel Fashion Director.

Is it acting that brings Vyvyan Donner here? Writing stories? Overcoming technical problems, or has she achieved the solving of human relationships by some screen device? Is it designing costumes or sets? Directing? The answer is that she has done everything but act in the more than 500 delightful newsreel sequences showing what Milady is wearing, which have gone out in her name since she became Fashion Director for Fox-Movietone News on April 1, 1929. And far more. She has influenced the presentation of fashions in newsreels more than anyone else ever has done—probably because she takes clothes very seriously, and feels that they are deeply important. She has lifted them from one of the dullest and most boring newsreel topics to one of excitement and brilliant entertainment value. Her charming capsule dramas of 90, 107, or 200 feet with a minute or so to play, showing, perhaps, how five hats gave five girls a marvelous time one afternoon on a Fifth Avenue bus, or what a really beautiful evening gown did for a "poor but honest" young lady in the diamond horseshoe of the Metropolitan, or what the college girls and boys will be wearing—have become not only a power in the world of fashion, but in the world of diplomacy, business, and international understanding and good-will.

From Copenhagen to Bombay, from Hawaii to Africa's jungles and the far outposts of civilization upheld only by a handful of army officers and diplomats; in the frozen north as well as in the most sophisticated centers of the world—even in Paris itself, the very citadel of fashion snobbery—her pictures are eagerly awaited. One hundred million people all over the globe see each release. Hers are the only American motion picture newsreel fashions shown in France. Even the members of the French Haute Couture—the ultimate high court of fashion in the world keep track of her selections.

The fact that Miss Donner displays the clothes she selects in the ways and settings in which they would naturally be worn, is considered of weight in the scales of national interpretations to foreign countries. But one of the most important things she has done is to tame the wild, uncontrollable newsreel with its grinding speed,

Women of Pictures

Now, meet the girl who shows the world what to wear and how to wear it, in her famous fashion newsreels

IV. Vyvyan Donner





its insatiable thirst for sensation, its limited footage—and to have it eating out of her hand. You have some idea of how difficult that would be from such pictures as "Too Hot to Handle." Entering a distinctly man's field, asking no odds because she was a girl, she gradually worked out the difficult technique of picturing Fashion news stories which audiences would not walk out on. This she has done, they will tell you around the studio, not with temper or temperament—but with courage and fair play, give and take, and with an unruffled calm although she may have been on the set from early morning till midnight. Her most recent triumph, however, came right in that important sector, the home-office, when Fox-Movietone granted her permission to make four Fashion Forecasts in Technicolor—one each for Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer. On seeing the display of beauty and talent she had gathered together, Mr. Truman Talley, producer, agreed to back her to the limit. Twenty-eight of the most beautiful models in America posed for the first reel, and the second is already on the market. They are (*Please turn to page 88*)

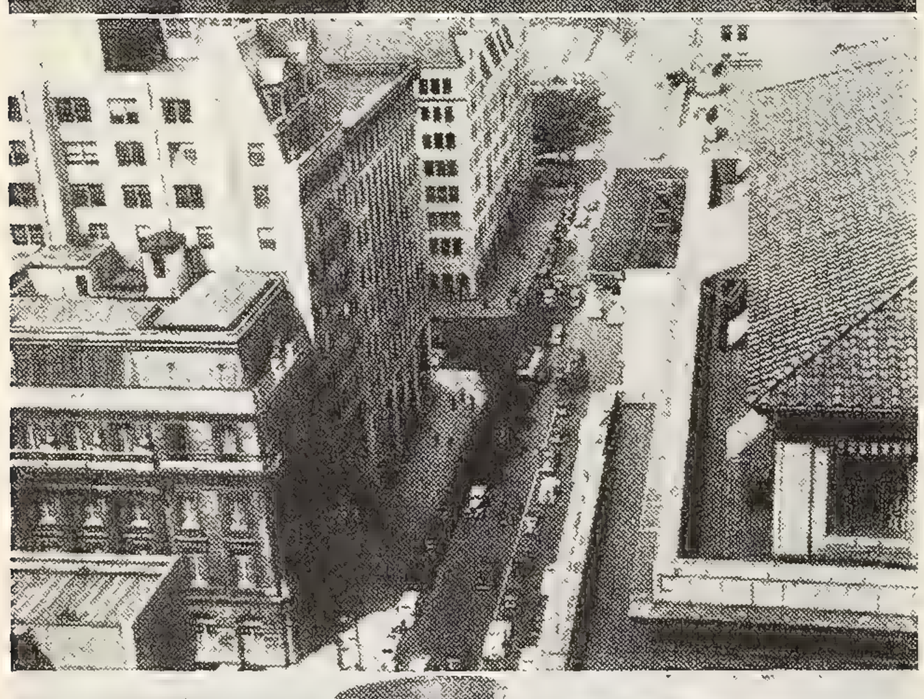


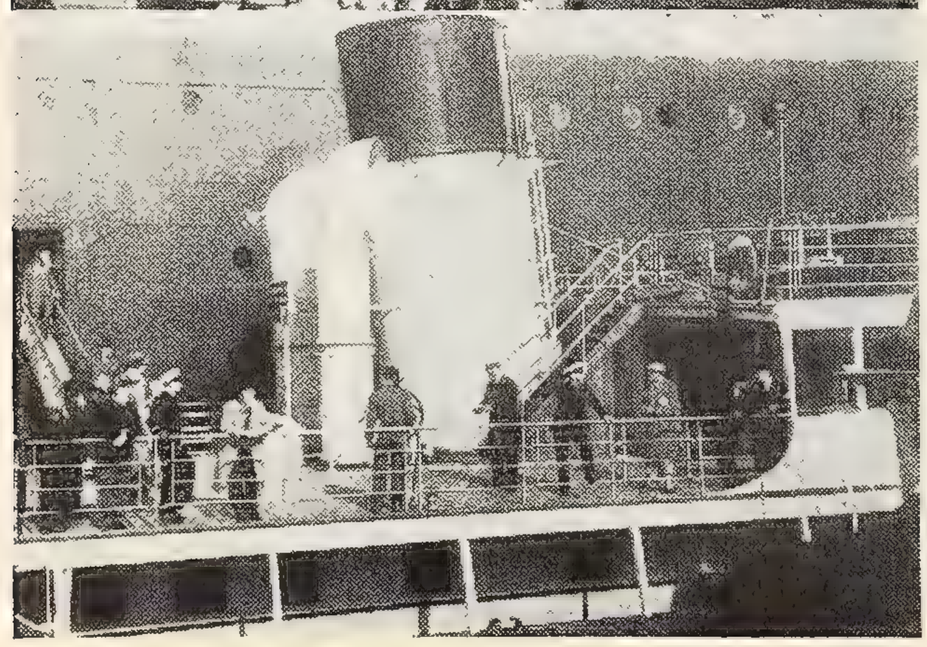


Candid shots from the album of Verree Teasdale Menjou. Above New York skyline. Upper left, husband Adolphe views New York harbor from aboard ship. Left, reading down: her neighbor's children; Piccadilly Arcade, London, with Mr. Menjou in left foreground; scene from Manhattan hotel window, the Queen Mary docks.









Attention!

Candid Camera Fiends

Verree Teasdale—Mrs. Adolphe Menjou—takes life as she sees it

"SHE'S the only woman in Hollywood who not only takes her own pictures, but enlarges and prints them herself. What she doesn't know about technique, *nobody* knows!"

A still cameraman said that. He was talking about Verree Teasdale, who was just then descending a wide staircase on the "Topper Takes a Trip" set, looking like the last word in glamor girls. Gather 'round, candid camera fiends, Verree tells all!

"I use a Contax camera," she observed, presently, her blue-and-silver gown a color contrast to the scarlet couch in her dressing-room. "It's almost the same as a Leica, but I find it superior because I can get greater depth in pictures, it's simpler to focus, and I think it's less complicated. No doubt Leica enthusiasts will argue the point, but I'm Contax conscious. If you're a real camera fiend, you won't get the full satisfaction from your pictures until you do the enlarging and printing yourself. It's fun experimenting with filters, with different papers, with etching masks and chiffon veilings. You've no idea what different results you can get by using different papers for the same negative.

"When I was abroad, I met Mr. Gervaert, head of the Gervaert Company which makes various papers for camera work, and he looked through my collection and gave me some hints about pictures. He also gave me supplies of these papers. There are smooth papers, rough papers, papers with a (*Please turn to page 96*)





The beautiful Luxembourg Gardens, Paris, serve as background for one of your film favorites, Adolphe Menjou, above. Upper right, view of the Seine. Right, reading down: young visitors at the Menjou swimming pool; another view of the majestic Queen Mary, and two interesting angle shots of the Ile de France.

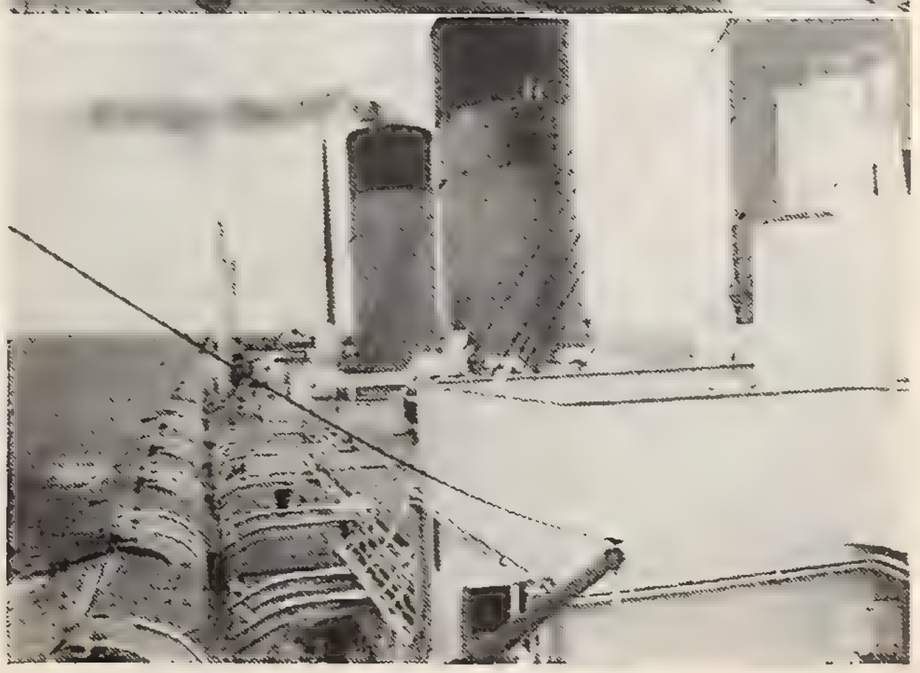
By Ruth Tildesley







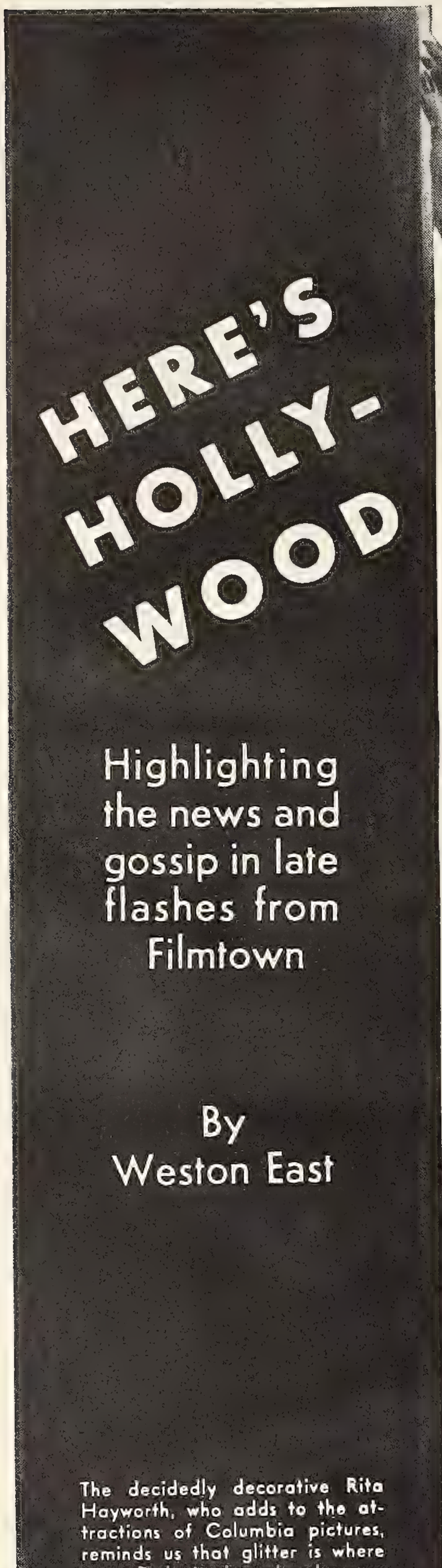




HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Highlighting the news and gossip in late flashes from Filmtown

By Weston East



The decidedly decorative Rita Hayworth, who adds to the attractions of Columbia pictures, reminds us that glitter is where you find it in abundance—that is, in Hollywood itself.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is wintering in Palm Springs between pictures and Shirley has her make-up problem exactly like all the rest of the Hollywood girls. With her it's her wrist, though. It seems she has to wear her wrist watch, undoubtedly, and when she reports to the studio there is invariably a white, untanned band which stands out too distinctly. Shirley gets a kick out of saying before each shot—"Wait until I wipe the desert off me!"

NOW that Wendy Barrie has a new contract with RKO she doesn't need engagement publicity. Until Tyrone Power fell so definitely for Annabelle he was linked with her by the gossips, and that kept her in the limelight. Rudy Vallee did his share, too. Wendy was at the Cocoanut Grove almost every evening when he was playing there, and while Rudy crooned she sat at a table with his father. Every once in a while Rudy stepped off the orchestra stand to give her a whirl around.

ROBERT TAYLOR and Barbara Stanwyck have done everything they can to be dignified about their love. Bob won't permit reporters to quote him on the subject of romance and marriage. Barbara has always refused to discuss her divorce from Frank Fay. But still they can't escape the excessive curiosity aimed at them. When they refuse to talk, writers go ahead and turn out "inside" stories about them anyway. It's a shame they aren't allowed to work out their attachment unhindered. The meanies who claim Bob's mother objects to Barbara are all wet. Mrs. Brugh does not believe in divorce, and is old-fashioned in her ideas of home life. But she has a large, autographed photo of her son's girl-friend on her piano, right above the church hymns on the piano rack, and if Bob is going to be married to an actress she's glad he's picked Barbara.

HOLLYWOOD just couldn't lure Clifford Odets into adapting his own play "Golden Boy" for its screen version. The bright young playwright husband of Luise Rainer spurned the gold dangled before him. Rouben Mamoulian, who'll direct this one, went to New York to show Odets the completed film script and Cliffy vowed a perfect job of transscribing from stage to screen had been made. This is close to unheard-of, such praise from an author for a studio adapter. But then Luise's darling is different. She divorced him, but couldn't give him up after all. You won't be seeing her for quite a spell, because she's spending her six months' vacation in New York City with him. She isn't behaving like a grand star, either. His pals are hers, and he hates hypocritical pomp. Though when it comes to putting on an act, he's almost as effective as she is.



Here's how! Director Edmund Goulding demonstrates how he wants Bette Davis to play a scene. The shirt-sleeved arm belongs to George Brent, Miss Davis's leading man.



And HOW—Bette Davis plays the scene, putting into it even more emotion than Director Goulding was able to indicate in his graphic instructions to the accomplished star.

HOLLYWOOD'S swanky farmers may be moving from their brand-new rustic hideaways. Dick Arlen had no sooner sunk a fortune in a country hacienda with orchards attached when he found oil on his property. Robert Taylor is looking for a further-out ranch because they are drilling close to his retreat; he'll take any huge profits he can get and love 'em.

JACK HALEY never had to re-enact his daily scenes before, but he's been doing re-takes without the camera every night when he reaches home. He's been participating in "The Wizard of Oz," and naturally his two children want to see exactly how fantastic he can be. They invite three little cousins in to watch him perform.

THAT amateur actress Charlie Chaplin discovered during his six months' stay at Pebble Beach last year isn't going to be his leading lady, as folks whispered when he was angry with Paulette Goddard for going ahead with her career instead of waiting for him to cast her. But newcomer Linda Winters, thanks to his encouragement, is carving her own way. She's begun as the gal in a Charlie Starrett Western at Columbia. One of the amazing facts she's stumbled upon in Hollywood is that Mr. Starrett's wonderful horse drinks lemonade by the pail. Well, that's Hollywood, Linda!

SO JOHN GARFIELD was going to look Hollywood over and leave its luxuries to return to the stage this year, wasn't he? So instead John has accepted a brand-new seven-year contract from Warners, which pays him a lot more than his original wage. Anyway, he no longer has to be kicked under the table when being interviewed. He started off by airing his decided views on politics and all sorts of vital topics which are strictly taboo so far as popular movie stars are concerned. He had to learn some of his fans might rise in wrath at his remarks!

ONE of Cary Grant's neighbors is now Fay Bainter, and Fay is as rabid about living the year around on the edge of the Pacific as Cary has been for some time. "I never had such an experience in all my life!" she exults. From her enclosed, projecting sun porch she can not only gaze directly at the ocean, but into every front yard and enclosed patio down the beach both ways. Tell us, Fay, what goes on these wintry days out thar?



Above, the camera tilts on the scene between Bette and George Brent in "Dark Victory." Below, W. C. Fields, still picking on Charlie McCarthy, pretends he got a splinter in his hand when he tried to chuck Charlie under the chin. Edgar Bergen tries arbitration.

ANITA LOUISE now wears the screwiest hats in Hollywood! She told all the men that she'd never be caught in one of 'em, annoyed all the other actresses about town by showing up at all social functions hatless. Of course, such stubborn sanity made her quite conspicuous. But today she is just one of the crowd. The other afternoon she found a daffy hat she could wear, sort of a champagne chilling bucket. Buddy Adler, her writer boy-friend, is worrying over how really cock-eyed the belated convert will go.

MARGARET LINDSAY swears she has told her English-gel-from-Iowa story for the last time. She got into pictures posing as an import from London and the hoax was so clever interviewers have been quizzing her on it ever since. She is a new girl these days, anyhow. An alluring, friendly knock-out who trades witticisms at the drop of a hint that you're fun, also. She's moved into the first Hollywood house she's ever rented, having been extremely modest in small apartments heretofore, and her own suite is a sight for Carole Lombard to see and envy. She's got a beau whom she won't discuss, and you know what that means!





Sequel to a film hit that launched a star—Deanna Durbin. Nan Grey as JOAN, Deanna as PENNY, Helen Parrish as KAY, and Charles Winninger in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up."

THE current night-clubbing being done by Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—separately—merely proves one thing: no one of the three is in love again yet. When they have seriously felt the grand passion they've turned home-bodies, shunned the gay spots. Charlie Martin, scenario writer, is still the favorite Crawford escort. Franchot continues to play the field—after his nightly play performance. Doug, like Franchot before Tone left Hollywood, enjoys Norma Shearer's company. (And Joan and Norma were never exactly gals together!) Franchot confides, "I have no intention of ever marrying again." That spikes the thought he might be searching for a less dynamic mate. Astrologists assert Joan will want a divorce shortly, so she can remarry. Doug only smiles cannily when probed by rumor hounds.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S difficulties with the English language have been lavishly exploited by his astute press agents. What they haven't mentioned is the time he's had with Jon Hall. Jon isn't temperamental, but his particular asset is a body beautiful and Goldwyn has been stumped for a whole year as to how to further cash in on his Apollo. For awhile Jon was set for "The Thief of Bagdad," wherein he'd be picturesquely draped. That was called off and the boys in the scenario department ran up a little Hawaiian number entitled "Beach Boy." But you won't be seeing the lad on a super-beach after all, because now Goldwyn has decided to star him in "Sun Valley," a skiing drama. The smart guys around Hollywood swear Jon will surely have to ski through the air in shorts!

MICKEY ROONEY is still surprised at his good luck, even if a lot of meanies are going around stating that he is too fresh. Being chosen Star No. 4 in nation-wide popularity hasn't turned his head, nor has the fact that all his old pictures are being revived given him delusions of grandeur. The kid's a trouper. But he would appreciate a nice long vacation, and there isn't a Chinaman's chance for one now, he admits.

BETTE DAVIS and George Brent haven't a thing to say about their new interest in one another. It's funny that they should have discovered each other after having acted together in several pictures wherein their love scenes left them quite cold. Don't rush to the conclusion that Bette will become Mrs. B. when her divorce is final, though. She's resolved not to marry again until she's through with Hollywood and is back in New York. She doesn't intend to hang onto studio glory, you know. She thinks women who can't quit pictures when their peak is past are pathetic. But a gal needn't be a Garbo, so if George-Porgie wants to play a bit, Bette will—a bit.

NO, Lew Ayres isn't a little bit "teched!" Yes, there was a rumor rampant at M-G-M that he was. The comeback hero, gossips whispered, was a might peculiar. When the report was tracked down no one could actually recall anything very strange about Lew, As a matter of fact, he is moody—but far less so than he used to be. If he doesn't feel like wisecracking with a dozen prop boys, he just doesn't. He lives alone, except for one man-of-all-work, in a small home he's built on Hollywood's highest hilltop. There he is diligently educating himself. Literally! He has been wading through countless books, to give himself a background he won't be ashamed of. Naturally, this is considered weird by a flock of Hollywoodites who wouldn't recognize a background unless it bit them.

ERROL FLYNN'S split lip from that fight he had at that Sunday afternoon cocktail party was his obvious bad luck. "Liz" Whitney, the wealthy hostess, had to call off her dinner party because a couple of her guests got too rough. But what nobody knows is this: the next day Errol was hurt worse—he had a wisdom toothed yanked.

PRISCILLA and Rosemary Lane share their bedroom and that's no fancy formality, either; they honestly are all for one and both for each other. So Pat was perturbed when an interviewer insisted she was the more successful of the two. There was nothing to do but accede graciously, but she still believes Rosemary has far more talent. The Lane Sisters' most recent personal predicament wasn't their own fault. They'd no sooner bought their new home and invested in dollars and dollars worth of stationery with their address on it when some bird high up in city affairs changed street numbers on their boulevard. So all their swell writing paper was outmoded before they'd had a decent whack at it!

LOUIS HAYWARD found success and was able to marry because of the tragic death of his friend Jack Dunn, but he doesn't want this mentioned. Which is understandable enough, yet the story of Louis's current good fortune really can't be told without dipping into last summer's chapter. If Dunn hadn't died of a strange illness, Louis wouldn't have stepped into stardom in the vehicle designed for Jack. And Louis was resolved not to propose to Ida Lupino until he attained a Hollywood position equal to hers. For two months the studio that had counted so heavily on launching Dunn searched for a successor—and, as fate would have it, Louis was elected for his friend's shoes. The young Haywards aren't settling down into old stuffies just because they've married, by the way. They're as jolly as ever and their ideal English cottage is the scene of merry, intimate parties.

ONE of those typical Hollywood events has occurred in the rediscovery of John Wayne. Six years ago John was a handsome football hero who was grabbed off the gridiron to hero for the old Fox company. He was slated for George O'Brien's spot as ace Western hero. After a few attempts to put him over the bosses lost interest. If he hadn't been as plucky as he is handsome, John would have given up his ambition for pictures and taken to a gasoline station. But he kept on trying, and finally—out of the blue—he was remembered and given a lead opposite Claire Trevor in a major drama. What'll happen to him now? Will he slip back into quickies?



Quaint romance comes to the screen in the film version of "Wuthering Heights," with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier.

REMEMBER these former favorites? They're back in the Hollywood spotlight once again—Harry Langdon, Adrienne Ames, Kent Taylor, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Josephine Hutchinson, Dolores Costello, Laurence Olivier, Francis Lederer, Zazu Pitts, and Astrid Allwyn. They're all in big-time pictures, too. The point is that where there's hope there's a chance—if a player has enough persistence!

INFANTICIPATING within the next month or so: Margaret Sullavan and Maureen O'Sullivan. It's the second for Maggie, who's retired to her Massachusetts farm, and the first baby for Maureen, who's right at home in Beverly. Neither wife will publicly reveal her great expectations for her offspring, but already marriage has noticeably softened both these stars. Once aloof and discontented, they now beam with happiness, practically coo over their marital set-ups.

NO ONE in Hollywood ever confesses the true story of a marital bust-up, which is only human nature. Sometimes these long-time separations are sadly complicated—for instance, the Gable and Raft divorce dilly-dallying. It's refreshing to report that the Chester Morrises have forgiven and forgotten their private quarrel and are together again. Chet gave Sue a beautiful new sapphire as her re-engagement ring and they went to Honolulu for their second honeymoon.

IN REAL life Jane Withers is an oversized *Baby Snooks*. While visiting San Francisco recently she was asked what she particularly wished to see. "Alcatraz!" Jane piped loudly. Her mother smiled apologetically, murmured, "No, dear, you mean Treasure Island—that's where the Fair will be." Unabashed, young Miss W. retorted emphatically, "I mean Alcatraz!" A government boat whisked her to the prison island, but they wouldn't let her personally investigate conditions among the inmates. However, her brief glimpse of the wrong brand of glory has given her a terrific edge on her neighborhood gang. She completely squelches everyone with her memories of "The Rock."

YOU might as well consider bleaching again for the spring season. Since Penny Singleton dyed for her art, and is making a series of "Blondie" films, hairdressers are prophesying a twenty-five per cent jump in blondeness. Incidentally, the kid stars will no longer have the monopoly on endorsing clothes and gadgets. Soon there'll be a flood of "Blondie" dresses, hats, and—inescapably—dolls. Penny's doctor husband was dismayed when he heard he was going to have a wife of a different hair color, but he admits fame is worth it!

WHY has Frances Dee appeared in but one picture in the last year? Beautiful, and certainly a good actress, Frances has been searching for better than walk-through rôles. She isn't at all highbrow, though. She says the only way for her to progress is to attempt parts that make some demands; so her agent is still sending out feelers for high-powered scripts. The test that thrilled her was her unpublicized test for *Scarlett O'Hara;* George Cukor, who tested Frances for "Gone With the Wind," thought she would be great. But they wanted a more obvious-looking schemer type, and Frances has had to be only Mrs. Joel McCrea for a long spell. She doesn't belittle that fate, naturally!

ALTHOUGH Marjorie Weaver's best girl-friend Judy Parks doesn't live with her any more they're still buddies and they still get into jams whenever they go forth together. One afternoon last week they went to a matinée, and Marjorie carted a box of candy along. When they emerged from the theatre they'd eaten only half the chocolates, so in driving away they noticed a little girl who looked as though she'd enjoy munching. When they proffered the child the box the tot let out a scream that was heard for a block. Mama came running, papa came tearing, and neighbors poured forth. Thoroughly bewildered, Marjorie soon realized she was a kidnapping suspect and the child believed the candy poisoned. It took considerable explanation to convince the assembled crowd it had only been a Girl Scout impulse!

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell wound up their long-term contracts at the same time and so were able to dicker for new deals simultaneously. For years both have been dissatisfied with their pictures. Dick's wanted to protect his future by branching into more intelligent characterizations, while Joan tired of essaying so many dumb dames one after another. She hasn't the faintest notion of retiring, but neither is she going to work herself to death now that she needn't. Their home continues to be a whirlwind of excitement. Each is temperamental at heart, though Dick is a good business man and Joan is a good scout. Impulsiveness is a fine ingredient for a modern marriage, they maintain. At least it's working out that way for Dick and Joan.

REMEMBER Phillips Holmes and Jean Muir? They're on the road for New York's ambitious Group Theatre, acting behind footlights in "Golden Boy." Both would like a fresh crack at Hollywood, but until a nice offer comes along they're concentrating on the stage. Phil surprised a lot of the actors in summer stock on Cape Cod last hot spell by his indifference to learning lines; they didn't think he was in any position to be bored. Jean is more attractive than ever, and still unmarried—as is Phil, incidentally. Madge Evans is a hit on Broadway and won't be back on the screen until summer—when her success in the theatre will give her more interesting assignments.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS' return to the screen is not, mind you, to be classified as a "come-back." A handful of years have elapsed since he was a foremost picture star. In the interval he has tried Broadway once, successfully, and has traveled abroad extensively. Now that he has resumed in Hollywood, with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant no less, he is emphatic in explaining that he never really retired. "I always said when I reached a certain age and had earned a certain sum I'd see the world. So I did." Five contracts have been proffered him, but he won't tie himself down to routine assignments. He'll work whenever a rôle appeals to him. A brilliant juvenile nearly twenty years ago, Barthelmess is happily married and the father of a nearly-grown daughter. He cannily saved much of his big salaries, so he can afford to be choosy. While on the subject of yesterday's big names, Buddy Rogers says he'd like to see Mary Pickford act again. "She is more beautiful than ever!" he exclaims. "She ought to be before the cameras!" He doesn't mind switching to orchestra-leading, personally. He had his day in pictures, is willing to return if they want him.

MYRNA LOY'S brother is proud of his renowned sister, but sometimes he is awfully fed up on Hollywood. He had to give an interview about her and he refused to have lunch at M-G-M because he doesn't enjoy being pointed out as a village sight. The interviewer naturally expected him to pay for the drinks and the luncheon—that's courtesy to the press—and did that burn brother up!



Modern as tomorrow is the romance involving Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll in Paramount's new opus, "Café Society."



Humor needn't be left out of the romantic picture—not with Martha Raye and comic Andy Devine to supply it in "Never Say Die."



Realism gives dramatic punch to the love scene which Maureen O'Sullivan and Henry Fonda enact, above, in "Let Us Live."

New Fashions in Figures

Our figures are changing and all for the better. Here are some of the reasons

By Courtenay Marvin



Waist and hip slimmers by Kay Sutton. Alternate leg lift; forward, down, back.



Waist pivot with raised arms. Five counts: front, right, front, left, front. Drop arms.

WOMEN are growing taller, we are told. And they will continue to grow taller. The change has come about slowly and will proceed slowly. This is encouraging if future generations want to go in for modeling. I have heard nothing about the future growth of the boys, but it is to be hoped that they keep up with the girls.

In relation to this slight upward tendency has also developed a new standard as well as a definite physical type in the feminine figure. This figure is one of long line, grace and vitality. Shoulders are broader, though fashion certainly came to the aid of the narrow girls when the padded shoulder became a fashion point of practically every outer garment. This has been a boon also to broad hips, because it has thrown shoulders and hips into better proportion. The chest has a better lift, which in turn does something for the waistline. With space between the bustline and the hips, a figure appears slimmer, longer and more graceful. When the two are poorly spaced, this gives a flattening, fattening illusion. Stretching games and exercises are probably responsible for this. Women have a better walk, generally, today, which may account for shapely legs. All in all, if you look back over old photographs, you have to admit we are improving!

Hollywood should have many of the orchids for this welcome change. For pictures carry the ideal American figure to all corners of the earth, and this inspiration undoubtedly has influenced millions of women. There is no denying that American influence in fashions and beauty is having a terrific impact on old world standards. After having gone through the mill of experience in reducing, building up or maintaining a beautiful and normal figure, I might add that the Hollywood methods in practice today are mostly of the safe, common sense school. After all, any star's health is far too precious to risk for the sake of a picture.

But not so long ago, there was a terrific, uncontrolled wave of reducing everywhere. Women subjected themselves to any and every method. General health, nerves and resistance were not considered. The point was to get thin and get thin quickly. This, many of them did. They got thin. But there was and is no beauty in mere thinness. And there is little endurance, nerve stability or spirit when this thinness is the result of semi-starvation. Many found this out later.

Today, our ideal is slimness, which is quite a different thing. We need some bust and hip curve. We even need a gently sloping line at the rear. This, we have at last discovered for ourselves, and that is why reducing today is on more or less a sane basis. Of course, we still reduce, but we use good sense, and often this reducing is under the direction of a physician or by a method that might have the approval of a physician. Thus, of our own volition and sense—which is the pleasant way to do things, after all—we are becoming a nation of fine figures.

Here are the things we can do for beauty of form: Eat adequately of the foods that build beauty yet are not fattening. Exercise for good circulation and grace, and plan this exercise so that it assumes the form of play. If you like sports, your exercise is



A good one! Erect with hands on hips, try touching floor at side with alternate arm. Do not bend knees.

Drop forward from waist. Sag forward in counts to make fingers reach floor.



MORE BEAUTY AWAITS YOU!

Spring brings the urge to be beautiful. New ways and means are included in our March bulletin, yours on request. We believe you want more fun, maybe more poise or charm or fashion. Hollywood-New York points on these are included, too. Yours for a three cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

taken care of. If not, try to join a class for exercise. Many salons offer this at very reasonable rates. Watch posture. I can't go too strong on this point. Wear the right girdle, foundation or corset for your figure, but don't depend upon it alone to hold you in place. Regard it as a grooming, smoothing aid.

The well corseted girls of another time couldn't very well slump, if they wanted to. Practically a steel support held them up about the midriff. With the coming of the boneless girdle and new two-way stretch fabrics, came also a new consciousness of our bodies and, therefore, a great improvement. No straightjacket can quite substitute for the stamina and will-power necessary to develop good posture. But once it's yours, it's yours! I have an idea, too, that once having developed this stamina and control on even posture, they are ours to be used for other good purposes. Not so long ago, it was realized that if you muscularly pulled your posterior down and under, that did something grand for your tummy. It didn't push it in, which is uncomfortable and unnatural, but it pushed it up! And there it belongs in the normal young figure. This produced a rather svelt line and was worth working for. A little work with muscular control slimmed this part of the body, our worst worry generally, and made it firm and strong. Then the light girdle finished the work. Like a firm, comfortable second skin, it smoothed us. That was body freedom, plus a nice compact, altogether feeling. The girdle, I firmly believe, belongs on every adult, or the well designed corset for the definitely heavy figure. When you have a fitting, you realize how anatomically perfect are these garments. Consideration for your comfort and health go into them as well as figure beauty. This garment support plus our own muscle support is aiding our figures.

Recently, a new element has entered the face and figure beauty picture—vitamins. You get them through food or in a concentrated form, and whether on a reducing, building-up or normal diet, you must have them. Though a kind of mystery, I believe we all know that Vitamins A, B, C, D, E and G are something we must have or else it is too bad. We know that lack of them may result in dry, lack-lustre hair; dry, prematurely lined skin, or a dull, colorless tone; dull eyes; faulty bone or tooth formation, in lassitude and extreme fatigue. We are beginning to learn the foods that provide each of the alphabetical necessities, and that is why even the reducing diet may provide us with adequate *food* but not *fat*. Today, we need not know that starved feeling, the shaky nerves and irritability that go with denying the body what it needs. We know, too, that there are reliable supplementary aids in the way of vitamin concentrates that assure an abundant intake of the valuable ingredients that our food may not contain. There is a reason for everything, and vitamins, undoubtedly, are playing an important part in the lives of our taller, slimmer girls, with their broad shoulders, gently curved figures, buoyant lifted heads, as well as their sound teeth, nice skin and hair.

Yours For Loveliness

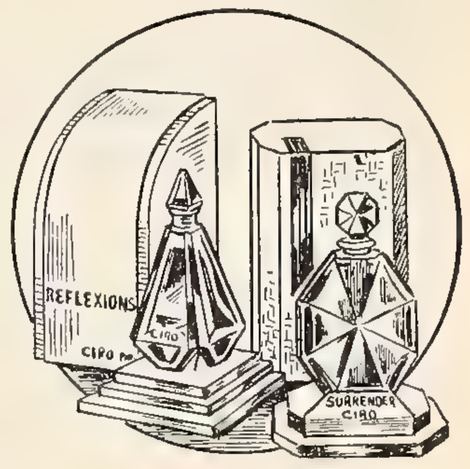
Recipe for Spring! A new outfit and new beauty in every personal detail



Hair — alive with beauty by Golden Glint

LIKE the result of rouge and lipstick when artistically applied, the new Golden Glint is correspondingly effective for accenting your hair. A "make-up" idea that emphasizes color, sheen, richly blending tone and soft texture. Golden Glint is a beauty rinse, not a dye, and the slight coloring is government certified. To bring back color and life to faded hair, to subtly blend in that first touch of gray, to even the tone of bleached or dyed hair between touch-ups, to highlight hair beauty generally, here is your aid. In six special shades for brunettes, brownettes, blondes, auburns, silver glints (for softening a harsh yellow, for platinum or white hair), and for lustre glints (colorless, for highlights only). Use merely as a rinse after any good, mild shampoo. Golden Glint is for sale in chain stores.

IN ALL their original bottled beauty are sketched those perfumes supreme, Reflexions and Surrender by Ciro. These, however, are smaller sizes than the originals, and will sell for around $5. So lovely to look at; so lovely to use! And two great perfume favorites with Hollywood. How often I have asked a star her pet perfume. How often have I heard, "Reflexions," or "Surrender." Each in its own way seems the quintessence of luxury, beauty, color and life. These evanescent qualities lie in all fine perfumes, but especially will you find them in these two. To start a new Spring with renewed loveliness, fresh interest and appeal for others, my very first suggestion would be, "A new perfume!" But it's a toss-up between these two, I must admit.



Person — seductive with Reflexions or Surrender

AN INTRIGUING idea and a safe precaution on occasions is the Priscilla Parker Deodorizing Lipstick. Velvet-smooth, in smart tones, this lipstick contains an effective deodorizing element that promotes a fresh, clean taste and sweet breath. When a raw onion tempts you; when your *ragout* is delicious with garlic; when you wonder if that one cocktail tells the world, or when you've smoked too much, this convenient lipstick keeps your secret.

DEEP tones in lipstick and rouge have made an extra-light textured face powder imperative. Otherwise, appearance is hardened. Stop here, if you've used Luxor Face Powder. You know that it's featherweight, yet has that priceless powder virtue of clinging to the skin for hours; that it is moisture- and shine-proof. All the beauty of a fine powder without a powdered look is your reward for using Luxor. The shades, too, are smart and flattering.



Nails — the lustre of jewels by Lady Esther

I HOPE you've tried the new Lady Esther 7 Day Nail Polish. And if you have, I believe you will agree with what I say. I consider it a super-polish in its price range—and super, anyway. There are ten shades now—two new ones shortly to be announced—ranging from colorless through gentle tones to smart, brilliant, high-fashion colors. The polish does stay on! Through the toil and chores of busy days, it keeps its high lustre, its perfect, unmarred surface. It is easy to apply. One coat is all that is necessary. The price is a revelation in this modern trend toward much that is fine and desirable at a cost that puts real beauty before every woman. This emphasizes the truth that fineness must not be measured in price but by the integrity of the maker. From personal experience and that of those about me, this department marks an enthusiastic 100% on this Lady Esther polish.

THERE are many women who say, "I can't use anything but dry rouge because I can't apply it well." There is something new in rouge that I think you can apply well and with the most flattering results you've ever had from rouge. This is Miner's Stick Rouge, with its new patented applicator. A rouge you apply directly from the stick, then smooth with the applicator, not your finger. The result is a lovely undertone of radiance, not a spot of color. This is the touch that beautifies all over; that "lifts" your face, gives it life and spirit and intensifies the color of your eyes. It is *the* way to rouge today, when radiance is very much in, obvious rouge very much out. This is the effect you see on smart women and wonder how in the world they achieve it. The answer usually is one of these easy blending rouges. For day, Miner's Stick Rouge comes in natural blush, medium and raspberry. For evening, try the orchid shade. In the chain stores. C. M.



Face—radiant with new Miner's Stick Rouge



Visit to the Paramount studio. Above, we find Gladys Swarthout busy with make-up.



Wally Westmore, Paramount make-up chief, gives Dorothy Lamour a facial—an ice-pack.



Martha Raye is having special make-up put on for a close-up scene in "Never Say Die."

Hollywood Wives Play Second Fiddle

Continued from page 30

stars—and to the married ones as well.

A moment later the Eastern Débutante's eyes widened as a lull in the conversation at our table brought us remarks from the next. "She's afraid to let him loose," a girl in white chiffon with gardenias in her hair was saying. "Afraid of giving some of the rest of us a chance at him!"

"Now you're not talking about Joan Blondell! Surely you don't think she is afraid of losing Dick Powell," her male partner exclaimed. "Just look at them. Dick should be the one to be afraid of losing her."

"Well, why doesn't she let him dance with some of us, turn him loose for a change?" insisted the girl. The Débutante looked disturbed. She edged her chair closer to the next table to catch the man's next remark.

"Perhaps he's just as anxious to keep Joan to himself—after all, she's a famous star too, and perfectly beautiful, you know. Any man of us would be only too glad to get a chance to dance with her." But the girl smirked—and said something about its being too bad that movie stars' wives had to always tag along with them socially—the married male stars never had any chance for fun.

The Débutante turned back to our table with a "Well, I never!" She was shocked. She couldn't believe her ears. I felt that the girl in white had a lop-sided point of view. Surely anyone would know that Dick would prefer Joan above any bit-player in a white dress—and besides Joan was easily the belle of the ball, with the possible exception of Marlene, who was wearing her most startling imported gown and exercising her most potent glamor.

Another lady sitting at our table, attractive, charming, and so well-groomed, remarked to the eastern Deb—"My dear, if you lived in Hollywood, you'd know that it isn't a glamorous job being the wife of a film star. Most of us are just second fiddles to our famous husbands. That's the price we pay for basking in fame. Of course we married our husbands for love, and we don't mind our positions too much—though at times it takes more patience and endurance than seems humanly possible."

The lady speaking was Helen William, wife of Warren. Later in the conversation she invited us out to the William estate at Encino to continue what was developing into a most interesting discussion. And meanwhile the party carried on. But there was a more understanding look in the eyes of the Débutante as she glanced over at the other guests, including Mrs. Bob Young and Mrs. Pat O'Brien.

It is reasonably safe to say that a large percent of the eligible girls who write fan letters to the stars, which run to five thousand a week for Gable or Taylor, would scarcely hesitate a split second to say "Yes!" and breathlessly, if their screen hero were to propose marriage. And there was a time when we girls who write about Hollywood felt just the same, but that was the time before we became well acquainted with the wives of the stars, and saw for ourselves the problems they encounter. And now consider the average girl, if she were asked to spend her life playing a background personality, being resented by other women, ignored, pushed around, pitied and being forced to compete with the attractive and star-worshiping women of the universe—she'd probably flee to escape any possibility of such a future. But the glamor of being Mrs. Cary Grant or Mrs. Nelson Eddy would perhaps outweigh any presented theories of stepping into the rôle of "Second Fiddle." She'd probably answer "Yes!" But would she find the glamor and fame she hoped to share in being the mate of a celebrity of the cinema world?

Any star's wife will tell you that if she didn't love her husband devotedly, she'd hardly have the fortitude to stick not with him—but with his public. Of course there's the Bel-Air mansion, the Schiaparelli gown the mink coat and jewels so dear to femininity; the custom-built cars, the yachts, and the home circle inside those high iron gates. But on the outside is the public—and it becomes her mistress. She must act and do according to its bidding.

Mrs. Leslie Howard is one wife of a famous star who says that marriage in Hollywood is quite different and very difficult. The Howards spend a majority of their leisure between pictures in England, where they live a quiet life in the country away from the world of the theater. When the Howards first came over from England to make American pictures and settle in Hollywood, it is said that the screen's glamor girls, including some of our most beautiful and well-known stars, sent invitations for Leslie to attend their dinner parties and balls. And because it was good business for Leslie to attend the more important functions to become acquainted with the important producers and executives, Ruth Howard put on a brave front, and accompanied her husband to several of the swanky affairs. In one instance, according to report, the Howards arrived to find a dinner table carefully place-carded and marked with corsages and favors for named guests. There was no cover marked for her. An extra one had to be embarrassingly placed. Later her hostess was overheard to remark to one of the guests, and within earshot of Mrs. Howard: "But I didn't expect Mrs. Howard, really, you see I didn't invite her, just Leslie." And so the English, well-bred Mrs. Howard, a woman of noble family background, had to force herself on the glamor-girl hostess. Because Ruth Howard is not streamlined like Bette Davis or Norma Shearer, with whom Leslie has so successfully co-starred, fans often voice their disappointment when they see her. They apparently fail to notice her lovely pink and white English complexion, her golden brown hair, and her really lovely eyes and queenly carriage. Today Leslie calls her "My Indispensable."

"We movie stars' wives should be perfect angels," Helen William laughed on a recent day after the party, as she basked comfortably on a canvas lounge in the sunshine on the patio by the tiled swimming pool. Helen is in no sense a glamor girl. She would not rate in beauty with a Lamour or a MacDonald, but she has an amiable charm, a sense of humor showing in her blue eyes, and an almost child-like

appearance with her mop of carelessly combed brown curls.

"If Warren and I go to a party, he is surrounded by people the moment we make our entrance," she confided. "Everyone wants to meet him or those who already know him sweep him away. Very often some beautiful star, who has recently played opposite him runs up and throws her arms around his neck and greets him with a kiss —one of those long, soulful screen kisses too! At such times, I have to pretend not to notice, and direct my gaze elsewhere, or think of something to say that will sound witty so those looking on will see that I'm not at all jealous or disturbed. While Warren is one of the most popular guests at a party, I find myself twiddling my thumbs, sitting in a corner. Warren tries to watch out for me—but there's always some pretty girl to watch out for him, and he seldom is able to escape them. Most amazing, however," she continued, "are the women who come out here to our home. Some of these are writers, studio people, and actresses. If they are at all young and attractive, they greet me casually, then turn their attention on Warren, and from then on practically ignore my presence. I often wonder if the obviously designing ones think that after all of these years of struggling from the bottom to the top with Warren, that I will lightly step aside and give my husband and home over to them. And yet if I should treat them with just one less degree of cordiality they would discuss me or write me up in their stories as a 'jealous frump.' Any wife, except a movie star's, could order such women out of her home, but I have to smile as sweetly as ever and be continually gracious to make the right impression for my husband's sake.

"Too, no matter how carefully we guard our weights and our complexions, the diets and exercise we employ, the careful care with which we dress, in order to compete with these glamor girls and make the necessary appearance befitting a star's wife, let alone hold our husband's interest and attention, there is scarcely an encouraging word for our effort and rarely if ever a compliment. People notice our star husbands, we are just background, a necessary evil to the women public."

Over tea at the Assistance League I heard Mrs. Fred Astaire remarking that she was simply dying to go East and visit her people but she simply didn't dare. "Why, if I'd take tonight's train home for a visit the morning's papers would announce the Fred Astaires were divorcing! I'm just dying to go home—just for a couple of weeks and Fred wants me to. The last time I went one of the Hollywood gossip columns syndicated in the East said, 'What star's wife has run home to mama and will file divorce proceedings any day now?'—and it was in print in our Eastern paper before I reached home." I couldn't help but think of the freedom the average American wife enjoys over the Hollywood star's wife. It is customary for most wives to return home to visit their mothers—but Mrs. Astaire didn't dare risk the gossip such an innocent visit would incite in the press.

One evening I was coming out of a theater just behind the Fred Astaires. A dozen or more girl fans recognized Fred and surrounded him eagerly for autographs. Mrs. Astaire was almost trampled in the sudden rush but despite skinned shoes and hat knocked askew, she clung firmly to the arm of her famous husband. One girl turned to her and asked, "Are you an actress, too? I'd like your autograph." Mrs. Astaire to be obliging and democratic replied she wasn't but she offered to sign the book under her husband's name, when a second girl yelled, "She's not an actress, she's his wife, but here comes Ginger Rogers!"—whereupon the proffered autograph book and pencil were immediately withdrawn as the girl dashed madly to intercept Ginger. You can imagine how Mrs. Astaire must have felt when the pencil was jerked out of her hand before she had signed her name!

When a screen star's wife accompanies her husband East on a personal appearance tour, most anything may happen to test her devotion. In the middle of the night the telephone may ring and a sweet feminine voice may ask her husband for a date in dulcet tones. Even better she may step into the next room and return to see her husband being soundly hugged in the arms of another woman. Her husband may be quite innocent in the matter. He may have answered a knock on the door, and opened it to be suddenly clutched in the arms of an adoring woman-fan. Any star's wife could relate such experiences. They happen so frequently, and the women fans are usually young and pretty, and the husbands naturally are a little flattered as male vanity will be when feminine admiration is poured on so profusely. At parties given in a star's honor by local town hostesses, the wife has to endure the oft-time poorly concealed disappointment evidenced by the women guests that "he brought his wife along."

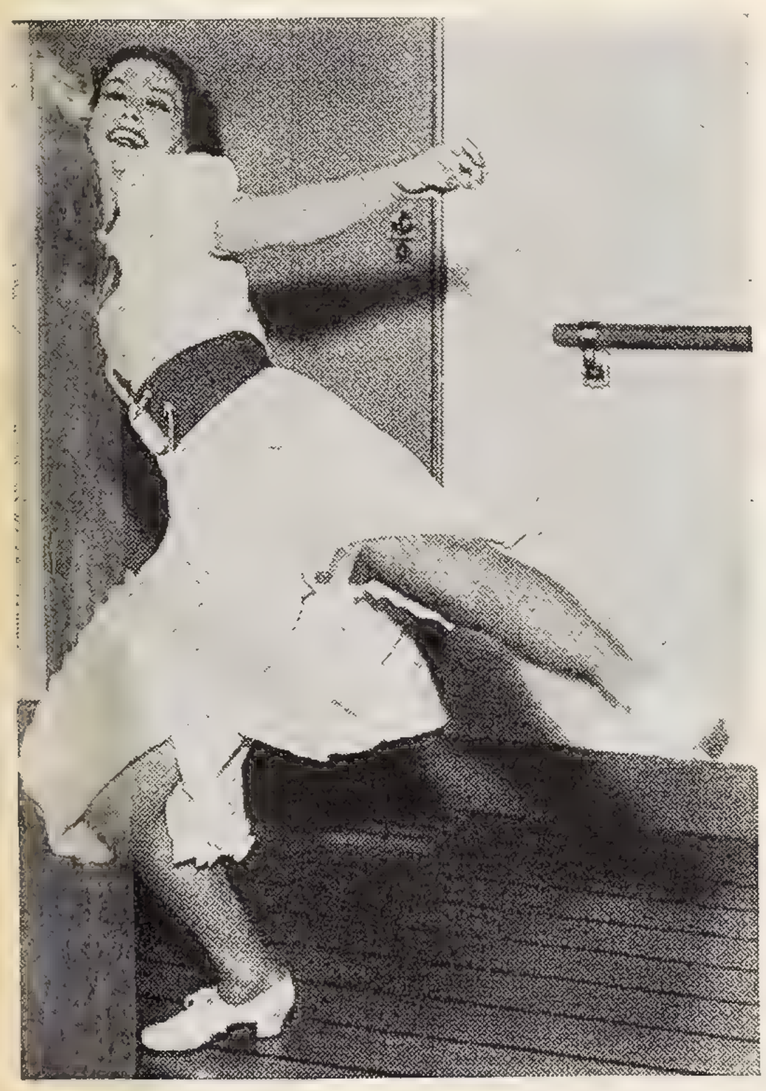
Of most importance is the star's work, the actual studio work of making pictures, to which a star must devote a major part of his time. If he's the romantic type this time is employed in holding a beautiful woman star in his arms, making love to her. If he's a real actor these love scenes are intense in their reality, and a wife visiting her husband's sets might well wonder if after all he isn't completely fascinated with the glamorous actress. This problem has been met by many wives who make it a point never to visit their husbands at the studio. But can they help but feel a qualm or two when they see those romantic scenes on the screen? Just let the average American wife watch her husband displaying the realistic love for another woman that our better actors demonstrate in their pictures! You'd have a real situation!

"No one ever thinks of me romantically," says Paul Muni, foremost star and Academy Award winner. "My wife doesn't have to worry about competition. I'm too closely identified with my characterizations." But then the Munis, who were former stage partners, still team in picture work. Mrs. Muni comes to the studio daily with her husband. She acts as his secretary, business manager, and all-around general assistant throughout the length of the filming of his picture.

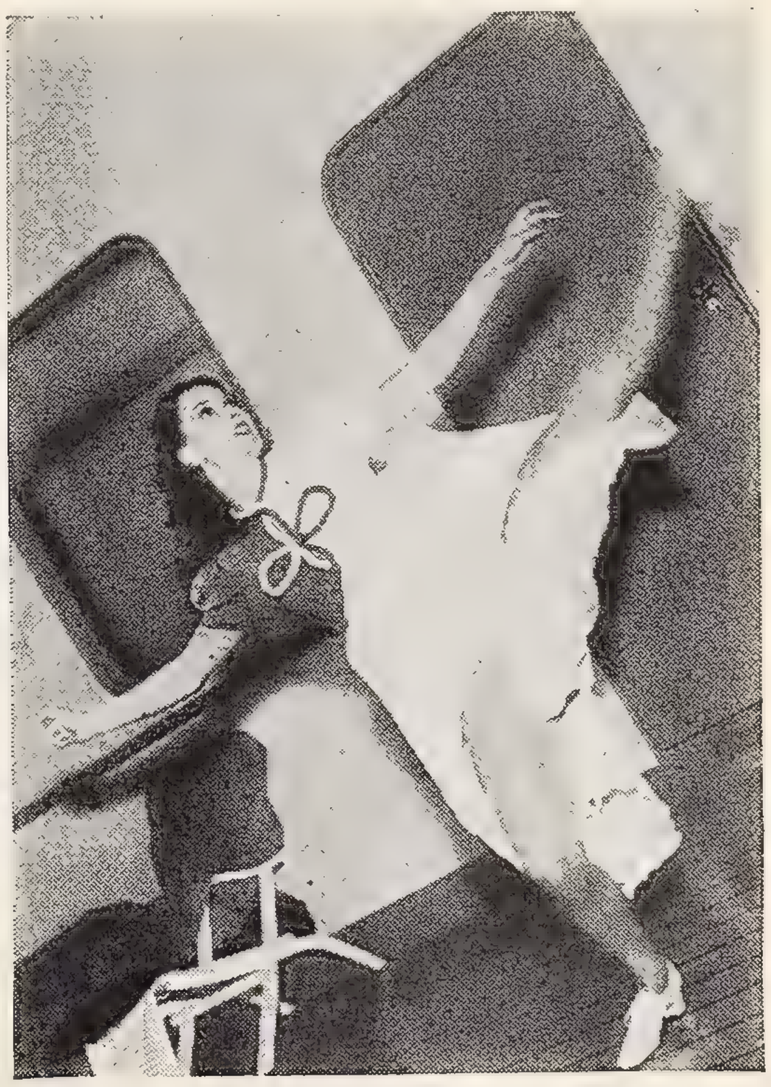
Our Débutante friend concluded during her Hollywood visit that a star's wife must be perfect and have complete control of her temper and her feelings. No matter how her toes are trampled on, she must be poised and gracious under all circumstances and situations. She must keep her figure and face youthful and beautiful, though she exercises and diets rigidly without the compensation of compliments enjoyed by her film star sisters. She must always be alluring, attractive, and amiable to compete with the beautiful women in turn competing for her husband's attention. She must exercise good judgment and common sense; in other words she should be perfection! And above all she must be willing to play the rôle of "Second Fiddle" for the feminine public. Should she fail to do so, her husband may soon be playing "Second Fiddle" to some other star on the screen.



Watching Eleanor Powell rehearse a dance at M-G-M is really something to see.



Eleanor starts spin, left, from a graceful introductory pose; quickens tempo, above.



The routine concludes with a high kick, above. Strenuous, but easy for Eleanor.



Glamor on the job! Hedy Lamarr's studio life poses no problems. Here she is at work, on best of terms with her director, Frank Borzage.



Measuring the Lamarr beauty for a close-up. Hedy holds still as a member of the camera crew takes measurements for precise focus.

Hedy Lamarr Fights for her Private Life

Continued from page 28

picked up the studio would be glad to whisk her in at a moment's notice (she was sharing a small bungalow with Ilona Massey at the time), and I could bask in Hedy's radiant smile for a whole noon hour—and have the eighty-five cents director's special besides. But I was a heel. Hollywood was glutted with foreign girls whose options wouldn't be picked up. And I was only interested in success. "She's nice," the studio people said, "she comes into the publicity department and sits on our desks and talks to us by the hour. Don't you want to meet her?" "No," I said, "get me Myrna Loy who doesn't sit on desks and rarely talks."

But that was a year ago. When I asked for an interview with Hedy a few weeks after her sensational success in "Algiers" the studio was very polite, but firm. There would be no more Lamarr interviews. Orders from the front office. In the future her sets would be closed. When I pouted and fumed they assured me that it wouldn't do any good—it would be easier now for me to see Garbo. As a matter of fact maybe they *could* arrange an interview with Garbo. I said, "No. I want Lamarr."

Hedy's sudden rise to fame went to Metro's head like a shot of brandy with a champagne chaser. Three seconds after Hedy had played that scene in "Algiers" where she leans back and a mysterious shadow plays over her eyes Metro knew they had a gold mine. The press of the world stumbled out of the preview, fairly reeling from so much beauty, and promptly acclaimed her Hollywood's Number One Glamor Girl—a spot long held by Garbo with Dietrich as runner up. Ah, said Metro, a Number One Glamor Girl must have mystery. No more parties, no more interviews, no more Reginald Gardiner. Give her the Garbo build-up. And so Hedy, willy nilly, was tossed into the great silences. And the great silences might have been all right for Garbo, but Hedy found them extremely dull.

Well, naturally, when we of the press discovered that Hedy had become an Untouchable, that we were not to interview her, see her, or even exchange idle chitchat, we assumed that Hedy was fast going the way of all those other foreign belles. Snubs were reported—the stars, a mite jealous no doubt, contributed choice bits to this—and I decided that Hedy had become just as impossible as her predecessors, which was too, too bad. But I am human, even if glamor girls aren't, and the minute I was told by the studio that I couldn't see Hedy Lamarr I resolved that I *would* see Hedy Lamarr, if it was the last thing I did. It wasn't the last thing I did, but one of the most pleasant.

Merle Oberon had met Hedy at one of Norma Shearer's parties and agreed to invite her to lunch the same day that she invited me. Hedy arrived in grey slacks (she's a great one for slacks, wears them when it's cold with a mink coat), and a diamond ring so big that one flash from it and for a few seconds there I thought I was blinded for life. I soon found ou that Hedy is very casual about her jewel throws it about as if it were a few littl baubles from the ten-cent store. During married life with Herr Mandl, Hedy did a fine bit of collecting, and her emeralds and diamonds are quite the envy of the Hollywood glamor girls who, poor things, had no munitions manufacturer in their quiet lives. Hedy is pleased with her jewelry, but she doesn't flaunt it, just blinds you occasionally, and if you admire a ring or a clip she will promptly take it off, hand it to you, and say, "Wear it tonight, dear." Recently when one of the nice little girls in the publicity department came home with sixty thousand dollars in emeralds around her neck her parents smacked her ears severely and began packing at once to return to Kansas City, where daughters don't come smothered in emeralds.

I liked Hedy immediately. She gives you a vigorous handshake, a continental custom, and you notice that her hands are large and warm and strong. The sunshine, and there was plenty of it that day at Merle's beach house, plays no tricks on the Lamarr beauty. She has dark brown hair, which she wears parted in the middle, and which glows like polished mahogany. Her eyes, fringed by dark lashes that happen to come from nature and not from the brothers Westmore, change from gray to green, and she does most of her laughing with those very remarkable eyes. Her retrousse nose, which the Hollywood gals envy almost as much as they do her jewels, is the sort that artists like to do with a single stroke of the pencil. With the possible exception of Norma Shearer she has the most perfect profile on the screen. She has a low-pitched voice, talks in the scatterbrain manner, and makes graceful gestures with her hands. She seems quite unconscious of her beautiful face. She stayed at Merle's all afternoon that day and only consulted her compact mirror once. Which is some kind of a record in these parts where a Narcissus complex comes with every contract. I saw her later in her dressing-room, which Metro has generously sprinkled with mirrors, but not once did Hedy prink or primp or gaze at herself. Maybe, with a face like that you just don't bother.

One thing in particular endeared Hedy to me that first time I met her. She attacked Merle's luncheon with the normal hunger of a living person and as she helped herself plentifully to the wild rice casually remarked, "I will start reducing tomorrow." Again, with the second slice of chocolate cake she assured us that tomorrow she would go on her diet. Just as it is with a lot of us it is always "tomorrow" with Hedy when it comes to reducing. She loves to eat. Reggie Gardiner likes to tell about the time he called on Hedy and found her almost dissolved in tears. "It was her best dramatic scene," says Reggie. "At the end of every frenzied sentence she popped a chocolate in her mouth. She finally choked on a caramel and recovered her good humor." Hedy adores chocolate candy. She will look fondly at a chocolate cream and say, "To think that you are five hundred calories. It is such a pity." Hedy had no intention of reducing when she came to Hollywood, but the studio read the riot act a couple of times and Hedy finally consented to go on a diet. "In Europe they like my figure," she says sadly, "but Hollywood wants me skinny." She weighs 130 now but promises that "tomorrow" she will start reducing again until she reaches the coveted 120. I saw her just the other day on the set and she and Spencer Tracy were licking away at ice cream cones. "Only one ice cream a day," she said, fairly reeking with martyrdom. When boy friend Reggie comes calling he always brings ice cream instead of flowers. Hedy doesn't drink at all and guests in her

They Always Star in CANDIDS



Airport—***Geraldine Spreckels,*** of noted California family, at Burbank Airport. Her skin care is simply—Pond's. "Its use helps keep skin wonderfully soft and smooth."



Races—At the running of the Futurity, ***Mrs. Victor du Pont, III*** (3rd from left). She says: "I've always used Pond's. It cleanses skin so thoroughly."

*SOCIETY WOMEN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN—THEY FOLLOW THE NEW SKIN CARE**



Ballet Russe Première—At the Metropolitan Opera House, ***Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes,*** grandniece of ***Mrs. James Roosevelt.*** Her skin gets extra care. "I use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "That way my skin gets extra 'skin-vitamin' along with its daily cleansings."



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Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker.*

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Just stroke that orange magic on. Watch it change to *your* shade of blush-rose...see how it makes your lips alluring, tempting ...ready to kiss...and so Tangee keeps them with its protective creamy base!



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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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home usually find themselves with a dish of chocolate walnut in their hands, instead of a scotch and soda.

Well, I thought as I enviously watched Hedy and Spencer finish up their cones, Metro hasn't been able to make an example of living death out of Hedy. She's still cheating on that diet. And, I also thought, they certainly haven't managed to make a Garbo out of her. Garbo, as you know, will have no visitors on her sets. She speaks to no one, and when she does a scene she insists upon having screens placed around her so that even the technicians and gaffers can't watch her act. But not Hedy. She sneaks people on her sets and is palsy with everyone from the director to the doorman. There was a rhumba orchestra on the set that day and between "takes" Hedy was out there teaching a couple of extras how to do the rhumba. She drags everyone in to see her new stage dressing-room of which she is very proud and which is done in knotty pine—though Hedy calls it "naughty" pine.

Not long ago Hedy and Reggie and Merle Oberon and two boys and myself decided after dinner one evening we would go down to the Palomar to dance to Gene Krupa's marvelous dance music. The Palomar is a big public dance hall in Los Angeles, and has the best swing bands West of the Rockies. Merle likes to dance there and watch the jitterbugs. I was a little doubtful about Hedy. I remembered the Garbo build-up, and all that glamor and mystery business—I remembered, but Hedy didn't. She ordered a chocolate ice cream sundae, magnanimously passed around spoons of it to the rest of the party, and with Reggie proceeded to do a continental version of the shag. There must have been three hundred dancers on the floor that night and very few of them missed bumping into Hedy. Finally Hedy said, "Reggie, we are not doing this right. We don't jit." So she smiled sweetly at a couple of earnest young jitterbugs and vamped them in to giving her a lesson. Somehow or other I just can't seem to see Garbo taking a swing lesson from a couple of jitterbugs on a public dance floor.

Hedy says that the morning after the preview of "Algiers" nearly every real estate man in town called her up (as well as all the automobile salesmen, etc.) and suggested that they had a little something in twenty rooms, a swimming pool and tennis court that might interest her. The Hollywood advisers, and every star picks up dozens of them, sort of suggested that a great and glamorous star should have herself an estate and a limousine. But Hedy continued to live in the smallest house in Beverly Hills, with only one servant, the indispensable Erika, answer her own phone and drive her own car, a small Buick. Last month she figured it out that she could buy a house cheaper than she could rent a house, so she bought possibly the *third* smallest house in Beverly Hills. She made one concession to her new grandeur. She built a swimming pool in the back yard. She bought the house through the FHA, and is paying for it out of her salary, which, surprisingly enough, isn't very large.

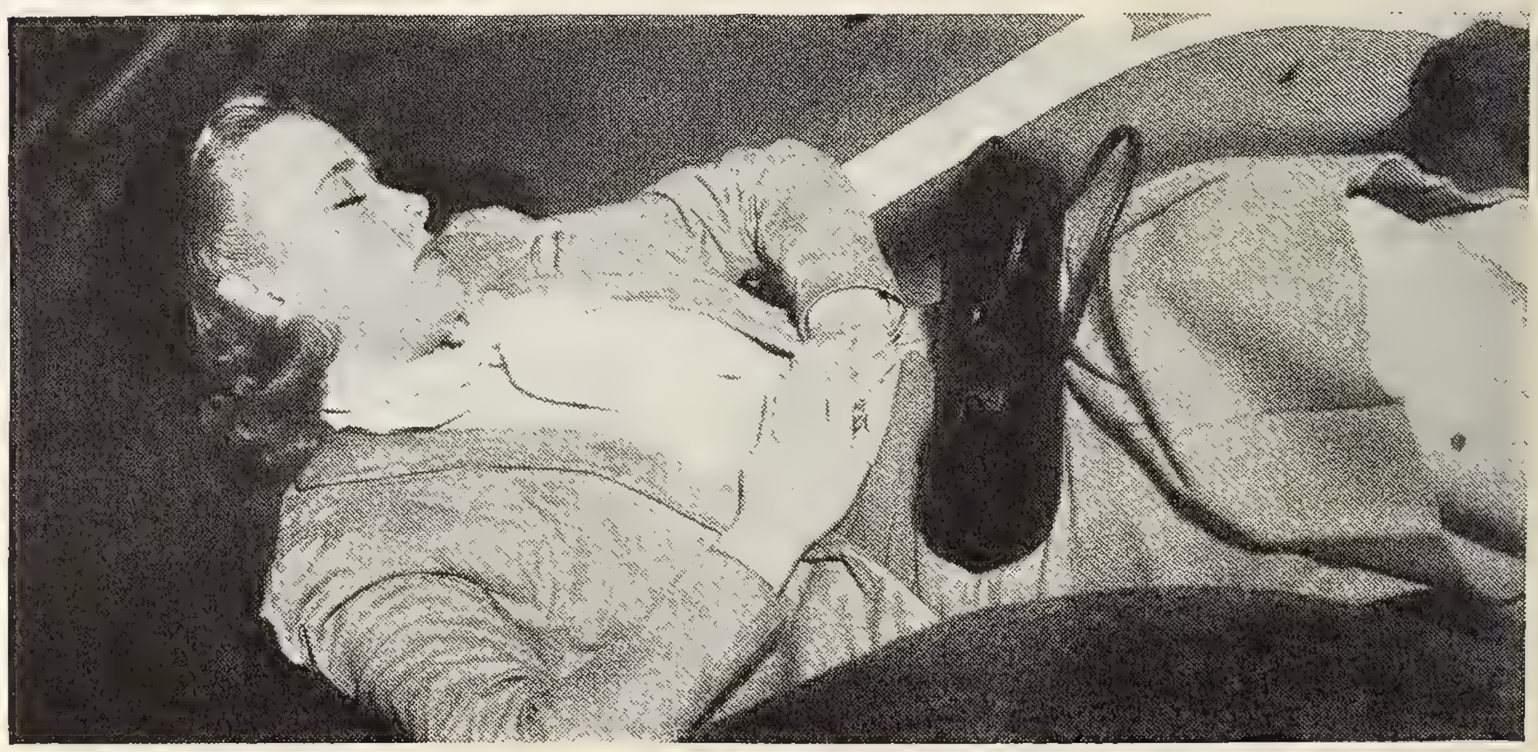
The new house is only a few doors from the rented house she had, so Hedy and Erika did most of their moving themselves. It was night and Hedy admits that she has never seen anyone walking on a Beverly Hills street before. It was all too unusual for a radio cop who stopped her and threatened to run her in. Hedy finally managed to convince the law that she was just moving from one house to another—that's the nearest she has ever come to being arrested.

People intent upon making Hedy the best mystery girl of the year sort of suggested that she give up Reggie Gardiner, the one boy friend Hedy has had in Hollywood. Boy friends, like parties and interviews, were taboo. But there again Hedy has smiled sweetly and continued to do just as she liked. She met Reggie when he helped her with a test at the studio once during those long nine months when she just sat there waiting to be discovered. He has a magnificent wit and keeps Hedy in convulsions. It must be real love, for Hedy acts as a stooge for him. The first time I ever saw a glamor girl do *that.* Very cagily she leads the conversation right up to one of Reggie's best stories, and then she says, "Oh, Reggie, tell them the story about the cat with three tails." Hedy must have heard that story dozens of times, but it doesn't bore her at all to hear it again. She's no point-killer, that Hedy. A man has a chance around her. Hedy likes to tell a joke herself, but invariably she gets confused in the Viennese.

There is one word that has definitely come into its own since Hedy came to town. The word is chi-chi, pronounced she-she. When people ask her about "Ecstasy" she gives a continental shrug and says, "Too much has been made of it. It is a lot of chi-chi." Then she adds, her eyes practically laughing in your face, "Chi-chi in French means nonsense."

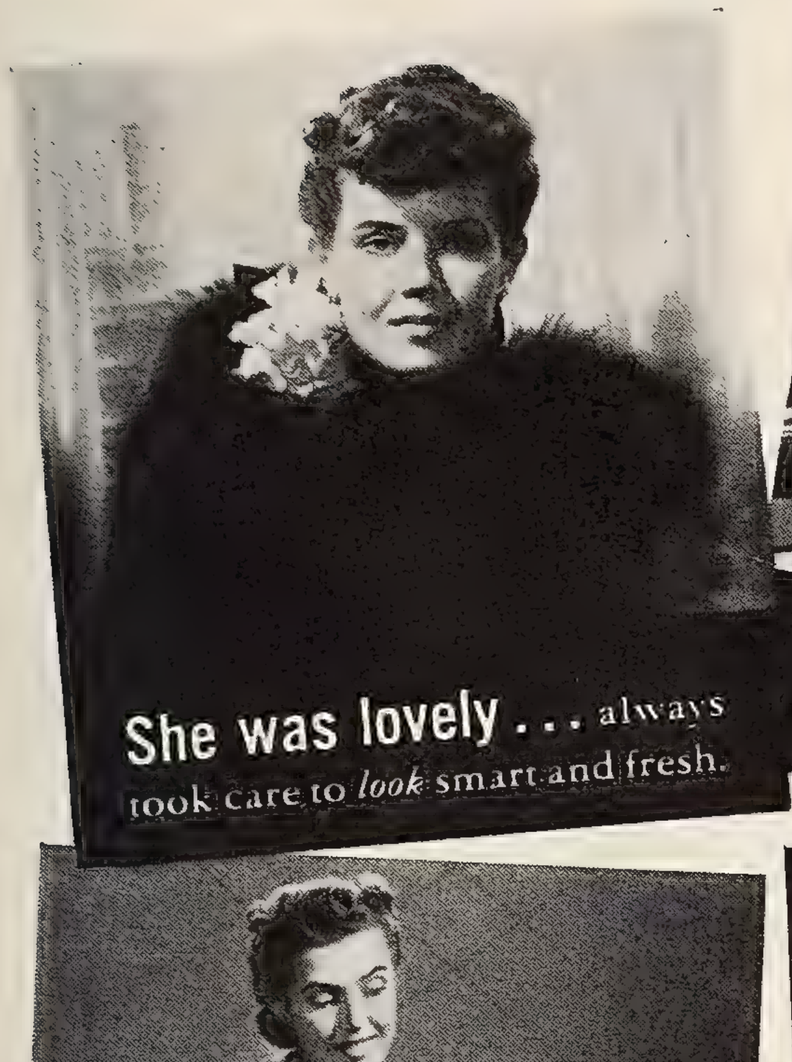
When I told Hedy that now that she was a mystery woman, a glamor girl, and the next Garbo I guessed she would have to give up seeing me and her other friends she merely said, "Chi-chi!"

I'm afraid we've got a foreign star at last who is going to stay normal, warm, friendly and impulsive, and *not* follow in the tradition. That makes me very happy.

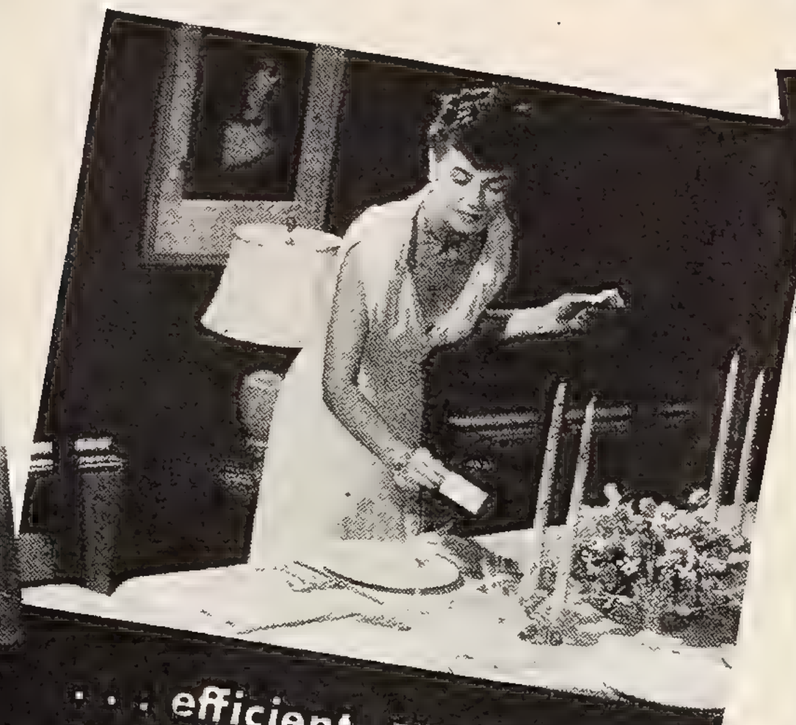


All tuckered out! Priscilla Lane, working hard in her new picture, "Yes, My Darling Daughter," filches forty winks between scenes—was really dozing when this candid shot was made.

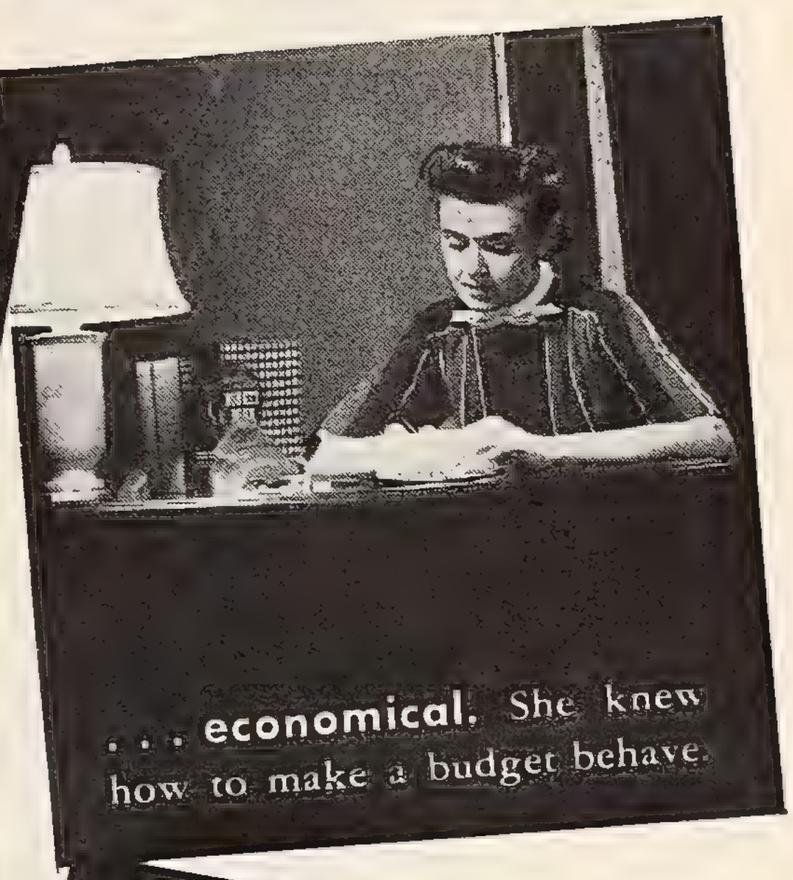
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. . . efficient. Her house was always neat, clean, well-run.



. . . economical. She knew how to make a budget behave.



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BUT . . . she was careless *(or ignorant)* **about Feminine Hygiene** *And her husband would gladly have traded most of her virtues to correct this one fault.

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LOVE is not logical, more's the pity. You probably know at least one woman who seems to "have everything" *except the love of her husband.*

Don't be too sure he's just ungrateful . . . Perhaps *she's* guilty of the one neglect no husband can stand. A neglect, a fault, that may kill a man's love, even when everything else is perfect.

If *you're* in any doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Here are some of the reasons why "Lysol" is preferred . . .

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

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4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

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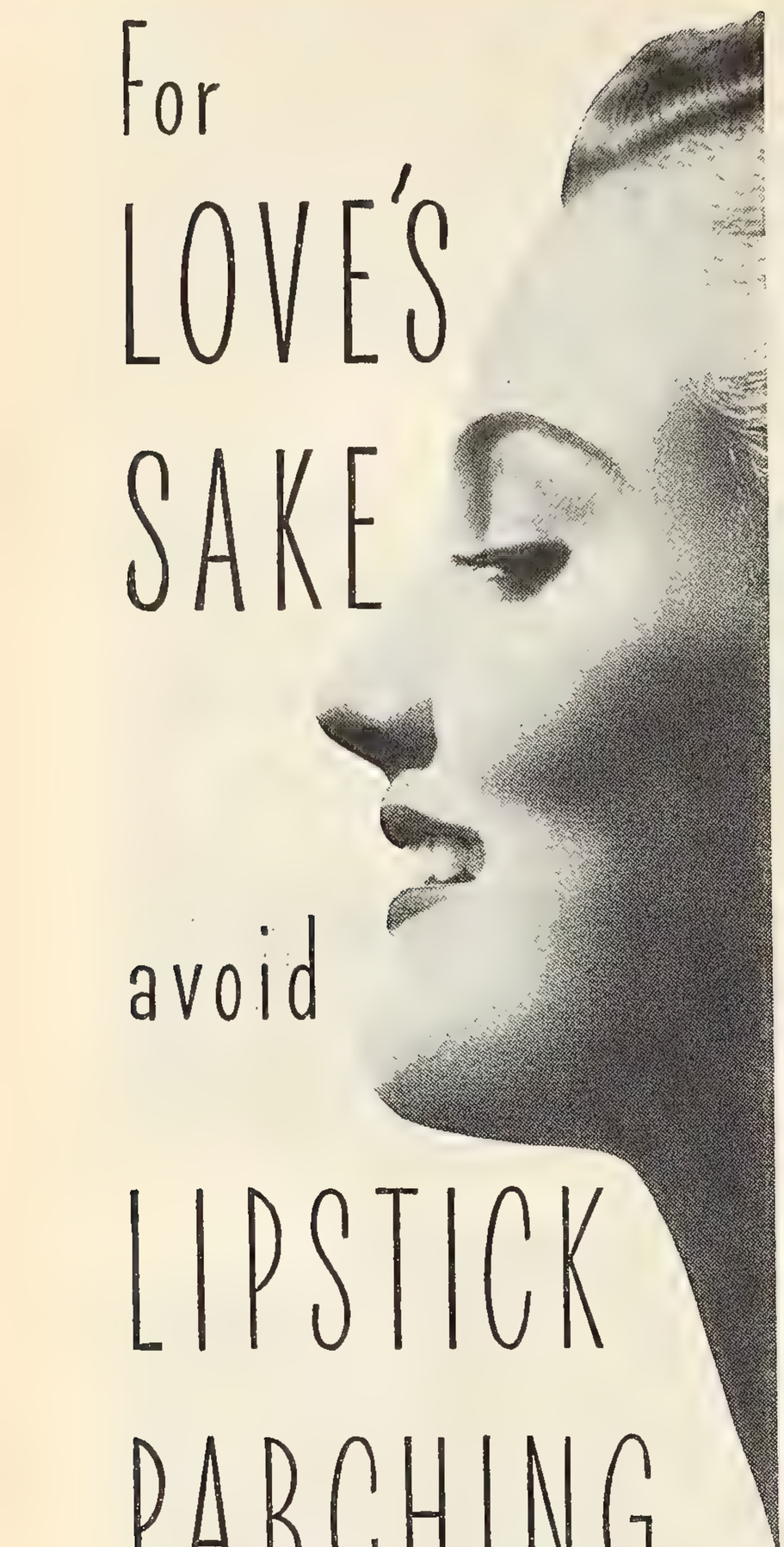
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Charlie McCarthy's Secretary Tells All

Continued from page 33

and go to work for a ventriloquist, she would have called the local asylum to come and take them away. Then one Sunday that little Fate fellow, disguised this time as a rain-cloud, kept Mary indoors long enough for her to discover that neglected application blank. She filled it out and sent it in, then promptly forgot about it. Mary doesn't know what prompted her to do it, but after all the amazing things that happened to her, she can't bother wondering about a little thing like that!

It was three months later that a mild-mannered, blond man walked into the offices of the Music Corporation of America, and said: "I'm Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist on Rudy Valee's program. I'm going to play an engagement at a night club here, and I think I'll need a secretary." He set forth the qualifications he thought she must have.

Mr. Smith thought of Mary. He brought out her application. Mr. B. studied it a moment, then said, "No, I'm sorry. Not this one."

"But why not, Mr. Bergen? She's just the one for you!"

"No, I don't like her handwriting."

It took fifteen minutes to convince Mr. Bergen that Mary was the girl he was looking for. Finally he consented to interview her at five o'clock that afternoon, but he *still* didn't like her handwriting.

Mr. Smith breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed. But not for long. He had been so busy talking to Mr. Bergen, he had forgotten to consult Mary. A few minutes later Mary's phone rang.

"Good morning, Miss Hanrahan, this is Mr. Smith, of the MCA. Are you happy with your work?"

"Never happier."

"You-uh-wouldn't consider changing?"

"Definitely no!"

He explained the situation to her—that he had already made the appointment, so sure was he that she was the person for the job. Mary always tries to be accommodating, so: "I'll help you out if I can, Mr. Smith, but I'm perfectly content with things as they are. What's his name?"

"He's Edgar Bergen, the ventriloqust."

"Ventriloquist? One of those men who throws his voice?"

"Yes. He's appeared a number of times on the Rudy Vallee program."

"A ventriloquist on the radio! Never heard of such a silly thing."

But she had said she'd help him if she could, so while she politely cussed the day she sent in that blank, she took down his address the time for the appointment and went back to her work.

One of those very warm fall days had descended on Chicago, with not a suggestion of a breeze from Lake Michigan to offer relief. Mary was wearing a woolen suit and was uncomfortably warm. What's more, she had a hole in her stocking. Depressing! She didn't feel like talking to anyone. Anyway, her bus, the one that would take her to a nice cool shower and clean sheets, with dinner on a tray, was only half a block away. The fact that she decided to go in the opposite direction, toward Mr. Bergen's when everything was pointing the other way, presents a wonderful argument for those who say our life is planned in advance. What made Mary change her mind at the last minute? I don't know. Neither does she, but five o'clock found her ringing the doorbell of the Bergen apartment.

She was admitted to an apartment full of people, all grouped about a quiet blond man whom she rightly assumed was Edgar Bergen. I want to explain here that Mr. B. has a funny little habit of waving his hands in the air to punctuate what he is saying. Not a wild waving, mind you. Sort of a mild Zasu Pitts sort of thing. He spied Mary, and came over to her immediately, hopping over a green hassock. Mary thought: "I don't think I'm going to like this." Bergen thought: "What'll I ask her?" He spoke first.

"Uh—it's rather crowded in here—shall we go in the kitchen?"

Mary nodded. She was anxious to get it over with and get home. It was no better in the kitchen. People were everywhere, in the pantry, on the back porch—not a bit of room. Mr. Bergen frowned. Then he looked at Mary with a rather embarrassed expression.

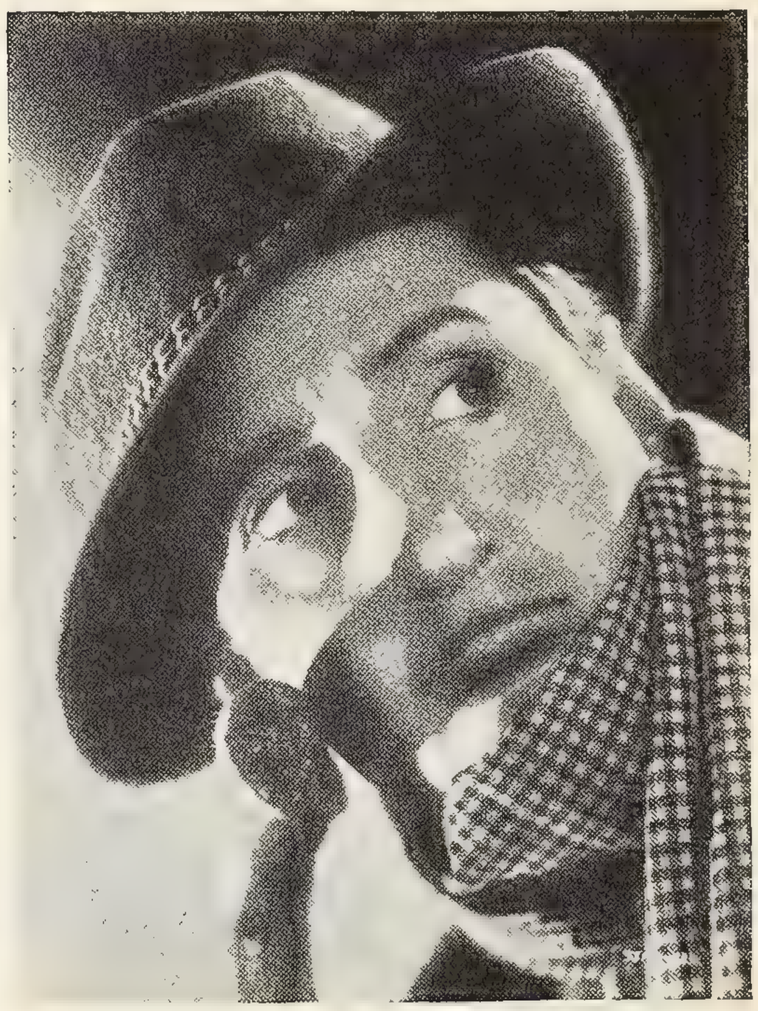
"C'mon," he said. "There's only one place left!"

And so it was that a minute later, Mary found herself sitting in the bedroom explaining just how she would go about setting up books for him while he confusedly asked her the usual questions about schooling and experience and whether or not she'd be free to travel, as he planned on returning to New York. Her mother lived with her, Mary explained, but that would be quite all right. By this time, Mary's poise had impressed him.

"Could you come back Sunday and help me with some correspondence? You can tell more about the type of work you'd have."

It was on the tip of Mary's tongue to tell him she didn't think she'd be interested, when the same thing that changed her mind that afternoon made her agree to come. She had no idea who Charlie McCarthy was—yet!

One thing changed her entire opinion of Edgar Bergen. She walked into the apartment the next Sunday and heard a recording of his act with Charlie. It was undoubtedly the funniest thing she had ever heard. Surely the man who wrote this material must be a genius, or close to it. What was hard for her to understand was why all the people sitting around the room weren't hysterical. Didn't they know it was funny? They just sat there with faces frozen. Mary listened to the records for a while, then sat down and answered a pile of fan letters "exactly," said Mr. Bergen, "the way I wanted them



Get ready for thrills, folks. Basil Rathbone is portraying "The Son of Frankenstein."



Kathryn Kane and Johnny Downs go into a dream as they dance in "Swing Sister, Swing."

done, only I didn't know quite how to tell you what I meant."

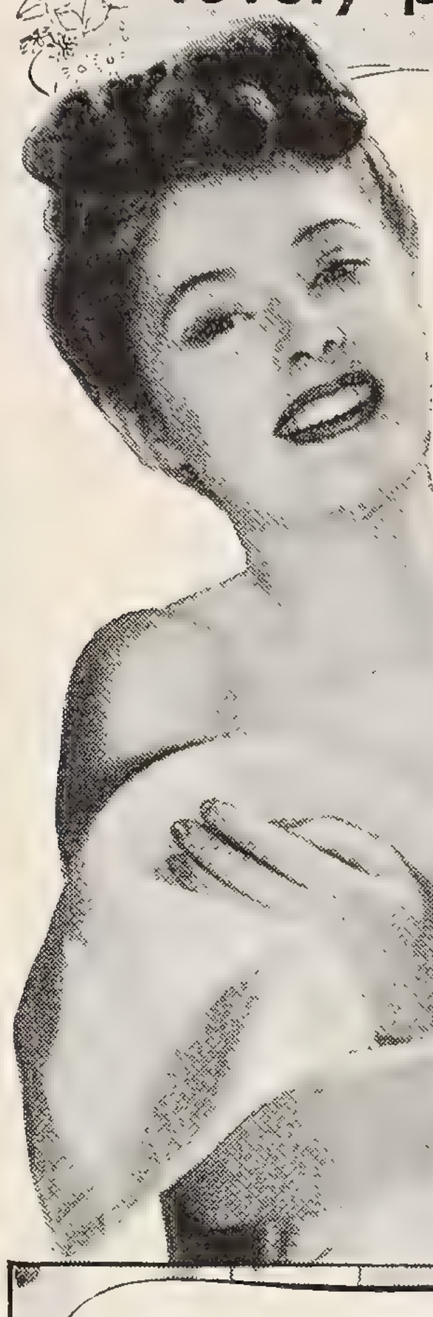
They had a good long talk, and Mary discovered she understood him perfectly. Their opinions on various subjects were the same, their personalities seemed harmonious, their thoughts swung along the same paths. Mary thought, "I'd like to work for this man." Bergen thought: "She's nice. And impersonal. Just the one I've been looking for."

Mary went to talk to the woman under whom she worked, a kind sincere woman who had been very good to her, and told her she thought of giving up her position at the Foundation. The woman, who was very wise, pointed out to her that she was giving up a job with an institution behind it for a position whose stability depended upon one man. If anything happened to him, Mary couldn't take his place. Show business is so uncertain. He may be great—he may be washed up within two months. You can't be sure. They were all powerful arguments. Mary knew it. She guessed she had better stay here. Then the 'phone rang, and it was Mr. Bergen. She made up her mind in an instant. "Yes," she said, and marched out of the office like a crusader going to war.

You know what happened. Mr. Bergen was a greater success than even he dreamed of being. Perhaps Mary sensed that he would be—just as she sensed he needed someone to look after him. That's why you'll find her on the set when he's making a picture, insisting that he rest between scenes instead of dashing around the studio, wasting his energy. He needs every bit of it, appearing at as many benefits and things as he does.

Take that new house Mr. B. just bought. It's a honey, and much of the credit goes to Mary who took time out from her many duties to talk to decorators, buy linen and china, choose furniture and do the other hundred-and-one things that must be done and which never turn out right if a man does them. Mary's favorite job, though, is taking care of Charlie. He has a special suitcase, you know, for special occasions. The one for his NBC broadcasts is soft beige, if you please, with double green stripes at frequent intervals. It's Mary's duty to put the little fellow back in this after the broadcast, and many's the time people leaving the studio after seeing the show hear little Charlie screaming, "Hey! Easy there, Hanrahan! You're pinchin' me!"

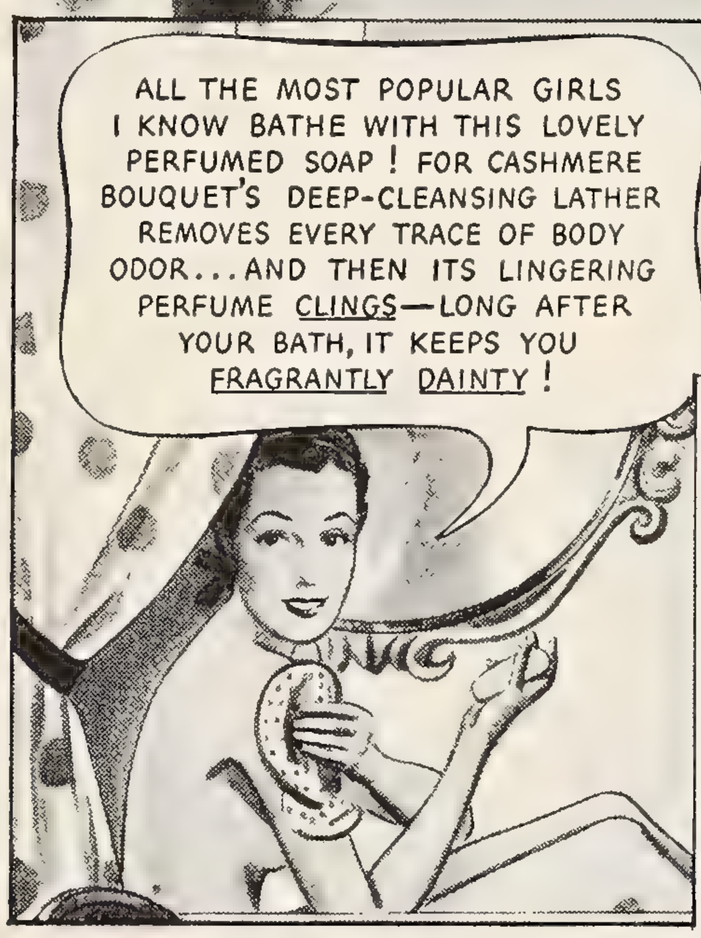
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Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact;* (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing.

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4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*

5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

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ZONITE—THE FAMOUS ANTISEPTIC THAT

"I'll Be An Author If It Kills Me"

Continued from page 59

nose. "I'm only half way through, but I think it's the best thing I've written yet. I've called it 'The Woman Who Hates Boats.' It's the story of a poor young married couple who have a cute little boy. The husband is crazy about boats and when he inherits five hundred dollars he gives up his job, buys a small boat, and plans to take his wife and son on a trip around the world. The wife—she's very beautiful—doesn't like boats and doesn't think it's a good idea to take the child out of school for so long a time, but she loves her husband and wants to do what he wants her to do. Several weeks later when they are out in the middle of the ocean the husband gets sick and dies and as he is dying he says to his beautiful wife, 'Darling, I was selfish to bring you and my son on this trip. Will you fogive me?" And then he dies." Joan started bawling at the top of her lungs. "Then several weeks later the beautiful wife—"

But I was never to know what happened to the beautiful wife for just at that moment a twister hit us. Dick was in his glory dashing about from stem to stern tucking in the sails while Joan and I hung on for dear life. "The Woman Who Hates Boats" washed right out to sea. She won't even have the pleasure of being picked up in a bottle some day.

Joan, I learned from her mother, has had a yen for writing ever since she was a child. "Before she was old enough to talk," said Mrs. Blondell proudly, "she used to hold a pencil in her chubby little fist and make funny marks on the walls of our dressing room. I'll never forget the day she wrote her first story which she called 'The Bathtowel.' She cried and cried as if her little heart would break. She was only five at the time and we were playing at an uptown theatre in New York. We were all so upset we almost had to call off the act that night." Even as a little girl, it seems, Joan's early writings were fraught with sorrow and suffering.

Mrs. Blondell has a scrapbook filled with Joan's early stepping stones to literature and a whole slue of composition books gathered up from the numerous public schools that Joan attended as "the Act" toured from Coast to Coast. I particularly like "The Bathtowel" and I copy it here for you with spelling corrected—the early Blondell penmanship was excellent (better than now) but, I regret to report, her spelling and punctuation were nothing less than appalling.

"Once upon a time there was a poor little sad bathtowel and it was awful sad because he was crying and water was falling out of his eyes because he was in the bathtub and I don't cry in the bathtub and once upon a time the poor little sad bathtowel said to the little girl I am sad and I fell in the water and I am all alone in the bathroom in the big hotel and the little girl and her name is buddy joan goes away on the train and I am sad because I think I am going to fall in the water and no buddy joan will pull me out and I cry and my eyes water and water and water lots and lots and buddy joan said to the sad little bathtowel why do you cry your little poor sad eyes out and the poor little thing said I am crying out my poor little eyes because you came from heaven and I came from Macy's." No matter how hard Joan tries to be tragic the comedienne will pop out.

At the age of eight she wrote "The Japanese Earthquake" at which she comes to the conclusion that although she doesn't approve of Japan for religious reasons they do have children so the Americans should be nice to them. The teacher gave her a Triple A for that which was tops. At twelve she started her first novel—which is still uncompleted—but which got off to an awfully good start, as you can see:

"The wind was blowing wildly outside on the lawn and beautiful Miss Penelope Lacross was standing contemplating the storm that was gathering in the darkening skies. Little did she know that in faraway France her father the rich old Duke was foully murdered in his beautiful flower garden. As she stood there at the French window she placed her hands over her ears to try to drown out the clap of thunder that rent the air. A strange chill as of foreboding shook her beautiful form as she clutched Armand's portrait to her bosom. 'Why does he not come for me?' she cried aloud. 'If it is love that he feels for me why does he not take me from this tragic life in the home of my wealthy uncle and escort me to my father's mansion in France, my beautiful France.' Just then the butler entered the half dark room and announcd that Lady Tavery wished her presence in the upper sitting room. 'What have I done now,' she wondered. 'Am I to be tortured with more tales of my actress mother who died when I was but a babe? Where, oh where, is Armand, my lover?' An icy fear gripped her heart as she ascended the staircase to face the most wicked old woman in England. Continued in the next chapter."

Like a great number of writers I know, including myself, Joan has the awful habit of not being able to finish anything. She will become terribly enthusiastic over some idea she thought up during the night when she couldn't sleep and for hours she will write and cry and cry and write while her characters suffer the tortures of the damned. Then, quick like a flash, the mood is over. Joan dries her tears, sneaks a couple of chocolates, and gay as a two-year-old goes for a romp with Normie. She is definitely a "mood" writer. Joan writes with a pencil, which she chews on when the sobs convulse her, and will pour out her soul on any kind of paper that happens to be handy. Her heroines are always beautiful, noble, and unappreciated, and I suspect are Joan herself. She has



Joan Blondell and baby Ellen Powell pictured in their home. Photograph by Len Weissman.



Daddy Dick Powell, aboard his boat "Galatea." Dick, doting pappy, devoted husband, is also proud of wife Joan's writing ability and hopes she gets her wish to be a successful author.

always wanted to be a great tragedienne. They won't let her be one on the screen, so she has to get it out of her system on paper. And believe me, and Dick, and some of her more favored friends, Joan's literary efforts, though slightly drenched in tragedy, are not bad.

Joan is very serious about her writing, and terribly sensitive, and she doesn't want to be kidded about it. She's always planning to finish up something some day and send it to a magazine. "Though I know I'll get a rejection slip," says Joan modestly.

Now you know, and I know, and Joan knows that all she has to do—movie fame being what it is—is to put the name of Joan Blondell on a story some day and send it to a magazine. The chances are that the editor will snap at it like a turtle. But Joan refuses to do that. There'll be no trading on the Blondell name. You gotta like her for that.

Two years ago Joan met a New York publisher one evening at a Hollywood party. She had "just about" finished an extremely sorrowful story called "The Two Sisters" and was in the throes of creation. Late in the evening she gathered up courage to corner the well-known publisher. "I have a story," she said breathlessly, "which I think is awfully good. It's written by a friend of mine—an Inez Holmes who is really very talented." The publisher looked awfully bored while Joan told him the plot, and eventually politely and emphatically informed Joan that his company would not be the slightest bit interested in anything written by a nobody named Inez Holmes.

"All right," said Joan, wistfully. "I thought it was a good story. I guess I needn't bother to finish it."

"Oh, it's *your* story," yapped the publisher. "Why didn't you tell me so from the beginning, Miss Blondell? Send it over to the hotel in the morning, along with any other stories you may have, and maybe we can whip together a book of short stories—by Joan Blondell. How would you like that?"

"I wouldn't like it at all," snapped Miss Blondell. And that's the nearest she ever came to contacting a publisher.

At present she is engaged in writing a script for Dick called "Gawk;" a story for children called, "Angels Without Wings," and a sad story about truck drivers called "Moving Day." Joan got her inspiration for the last story recently when she moved from Beverly Hills to Bel-Air. For an hour she watched two six-feet-two truck drivers balance trunks, desks and pianos on their backs. Finally the tragedy of it all, was just too much for her.

"When you get home don't you just cry," sighed Miss Blondell, reaching for her handkerchief—and a pencil.

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"I AM in Danger!"

Continued from page 60

being able to claim friendship with any of the great. On the other hand, should he become a success, he is "taken up" by the elite. Nay, inundated with pressing invitations, both written and oral.

Hollywood is the hotbed of all human elements—good, bad; clever, stupid; virtuous, vice-ridden. One has but to choose. And one must choose darn carefully, or—well, you know how it goes. In brief, a lonely young actor, of the handsomeness of a Greene, has a heck of a time knowing what to do for the good old best. Dick has his actress mother with him now. Until she came, he lived alone. Quite alone—not even a stereotyped companion-secretary on the hectic horizon of his solitary existence. Daily, he worked in "Four Men and A Prayer." But his nights were free.

"Everything connected with acting is basically dangerous," Dick remarked. He gives a hesitant, quizzical look when he makes a definite statement. "To begin with," he continued, "an actor is not like an ordinary business man. An actor works mentally *and* emotionally. Particularly the latter. That is one constant danger I face in my work.

"The chief danger for the actor in Hollywood is to become self-satisfied. I'm no better as an actor now than I was a year or two ago. I was an unknown and mediocre player, who had the good luck to get to Hollywood. The studio has been most generous. I see my name sent out over the country, over the world. I see it constantly in the papers. I am interviewed, and read the flattering reports in print. I can see how easy it is for a newcomer to accept such adulation as his just reward, and take it too seriously."

Dick believes that, more than anything else, English tradition keeps a fellow in the straight and narrow path of common sense. "Back home, we know a chap cannot be made different in a second. A bank clerk in the morning does not become a bank president in the afternoon. But in America the belief that he can is the very backbone of all business life. Honestly, I believe it is up to the individual, regardless of nationality. I don't know Clark Gable, but from what I have heard he is the type of fellow nothing can upset. You couldn't make him egotistic, for he is too level-headed. I'm not easily flattered, so no sycophant can get far in my estimation. There is, of course, the danger of being lionized by those who specialize in running after a newcomer on the upward grade. That's a danger I haven't faced yet, though I do hope I'm rising."



Warner Baxter and Loretta Young, co-star again, in "Wife, Husband and Friend."

The only people he keeps in with are a few intimate friends. Now and then he goes to a show with his stand-in. Rumor links his name with lovely young Arleen Whelan. They are good pals and not, Dick says, the passionate pair the newspaper columnists make out. Don't think that love and romance are sidetracked by Dick. When I casually asked him had he ever been in love, he looked at me aghast. He was both startled and aggrieved. "Why, of course!" he emphatically asserted. "Most decidedly!"

When I asked for more details, he refused to comply. "Such a topic is too personal, too intimate, to talk about," he said. When I diplomatically hinted at his duty to his public, he declared it was none of the public's goldarned business. That is, he didn't say "goldarned."

After all, Dick should be the good actor he is, for he comes from a family of stage professionals. The late Evie Greene, his aunt, was the original *Floradora.* Another success of hers was "The Duchess of Dantzig." She was a star of pre-war London's famous Gaiety Theatre.

Dick remembers the stage from infancy. When he was two years old, his father died. There was a little money—enough to assist his mother to give him a good education. "My one gratification, since coming to Hollywood, and achieving the little I've achieved," he put in, "rests in the fact that now I can give my mother adequate returns for all she did for me."

From eighteen, our hero became self-supporting. That is, now and then. "More than once, the exchequer was all but exhausted. On one occasion I lived for three months on twenty pounds. I've been hard up. I know what it is to be without."

If ever you wish to find out what he did, try living on thirty dollars a month!

He toured in stock, all over the British Isles. "I believe we show people are better safeguarded against Hollywood life than a person who comes directly from home, or school. From my earliest days, I was taught to be self-reliant. When I toured England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, I could have felt sorry for my lonely plight as a bit player. Instead, I used to set out in each town we visited to see the historic sites. Then it was time to get back to the theatre for the evening performance."

He has escaped all complexes by forgetting any exist. "Most people develop complexes by thinking they posses them," he explained. "Years ago, I did, and thought I was all kinds of a being. So I stopped being analytical over non-existent traits."

Night life does not appeal to him, if overdone, so scarcely proves a danger as far as he's concerned. "The Jazz Age is dead," Dick commented. "Dashing round night after night is not the best way to have an enjoyable time. I notice that the majority of young people seem to hide panic under their outer excitement."

Richard Greene is a pleasant young chap, friendly and as candid as he believes he ought momentarily to be. He is secretive, but earnest. If he's not at all interested in what you're doing, he's deeply concerned in his own activities and tells you about them. Danger may be to the right of him, danger to the left of him, but Dick is ever ready for it. In fact he likes it. He says it stimulates existence.

He was recently made captain of the studio bowling team. I have a strong idea that were anyone to tell him that danger was approaching, like Drake, Dick would first finish his game before attacking it.

Once She Was a Shop-Girl

Continued from page 61

the best of them in the subway rush-hours. I got a great kick out of it. Cost of meals was my chief concern. But that worked out easily with a bottle of milk and maybe a roll for breakfast before starting off in the morning, then a fifteen-cent lunch and a thirty-cent dinner with a dime saved out for a tip to the waitress. Cutting down on food pepped me up in health—never felt so well in my whole life. Punching the time-clock meant a wallop. Once in a while, when feeling flush, I'd treat myself to a movie off Broadway where I could see one for a quarter. On other nights I'd stay in my room and do a bit of simple laundry work so that my things would look clean and fresh when I got to the shop. Sometimes it made me pretty tired, but that was all to the good, as I'd tumble into bed and sleep like a top. Nothing I did was any effort because I loved it."

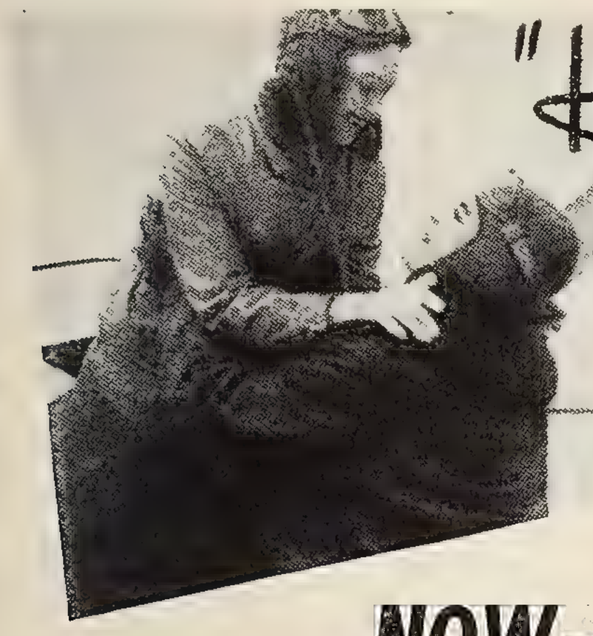
Dear as this may have been to her proletarian heart, I wondered how the other girls in the shop reacted to having an actress share in their work. "They were all so generous that they made me one of themselves," said Miss Russell. "I'd never before found myself with such kindly, unselfish people. In the three months I was there they couldn't do too much to help me—and did I need their help! Their calling me 'Error Russell' during those first few weeks was just their way of kidding, and they did everything possible to correct my errors. Although I knew something about clothes, I didn't know anything about customers, couldn't size them up right. At the start I got them all wrong. For example, if a fat woman came into the place I'd trot out dark dresses which would make her look less hefty. But that wasn't what she wanted at all One indignantly demanded, 'What do you take me for, an old grandmother?' The brighter the colors and the bigger the patterns the better she liked them. I had to learn my job by watching shoppers. Meanwhile the other girls were watching me, and when they saw me lugging back black dresses and hanging them on the hooks they'd give me the laugh."



Mickey Rooney, visiting the "Stagecoach" set demonstrates his skill with a rifle to the evident interest of Louise Platt.

Miss Russell now gave herself one, then smiled when I asked what her shopmates had tried to learn of her as an actress. "They couldn't possibly understand why I had given up acting for clerking. All of them thought it would be wonderful to be actresses. One girl said, 'If I could get a part in a play or a picture you wouldn't be able to see me for dust getting out of here.' The romantic phase of it seemed to fascinate them. They'd crowd around at lunchtime and ask the most amusing questions. How did I feel when playing a love scene? Was it like the real thing? Wasn't it embarrassing to be kissed by a handsome actor in front of an audience, or did it thrill me? When I said it was just part of the job they looked incredulous—and a bit disappointed. But there was one exception. She was a very young girl in the wrapping department. From morning till night she was busy doing up bundles. But never once did I hear her complain about her lot. Apparently she was perfectly happy in it. She did everything as if it were a real pleasure. Yet she was so poor that my heart ached for her. She lived 'way up in the Bronx and walked to and from the store every day unless she happened to catch a ride. She couldn't afford to pay street car or subway fare. Her one luxury was a ten-cent package of cigarettes once a week. I had to be very tactful in offering her one of mine for fear of hurting her feelings. When she wasn't looking I'd often watch her and wonder what in the world she got out of life. But I felt sure she got a good deal, for she was always cheerful. So was I, for that matter, all the time I was there. When I left to go back to the stage I cried like a baby. But it made me happy to be told I could come back any time and have the position of buyer now that I already had been made assistant buyer. Was I proud!"

"Error Russell" fairly glowed at remembrance of success won far from the dazzling



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spotlight. It meant she had made good in another job. It meant, too, that her independent seeking and accomplishment of work in a different field had given her a sense of security now that she was in Hollywood. Warnings against Hollywood have been sounded with the regularity of an alarm clock, and all have had the old ring. But at this point Miss Russell gave a new one. "In coming to Hollywood a girl should carry along, like a spare tire, another job. It's no good depending on acting alone, for acting is the most unreliable occupation in the world. Nothing can leave a girl flat quite so suddenly and unexpectedly. Anything—a bad part, a poor performance, the inevitable change which years bring—can knock her pins right out from under her. If she doesn't want to go down and out with never a chance of getting back on her feet she must have something more substantial than acting to stand on. What she needs is the safeguard I've taken before she takes the biggest risk any girl can run —Hollywood."

This was about the last thing I'd expected to hear from a Park Avenue girl who had established herself so securely in pictures as to be sure of her bread and butter, not to say a spot of jam. "Park Avenue doesn't help," she protested. "And, anyway, I resent people who get on because of their social footing, those who succeed in this way—if it can be called success. Just to walk from a finishing school and know Mr. So-and-so, who may have a fancy for a pretty face, doesn't get a girl very far. Indeed, it's liable to get her into trouble. She may arrive in Hollywood with the serene attitude that beauty and a 'pull' are all she needs, but this is unfair, not to be tolerated."

Miss Russell sprang to her feet, every inch the thoroughbred. "In New York," pacing off her words, "I did go in for social life and I did have a good time. I'm glad of it, for that sort of thing is good for a girl, makes her normal and happy. At school I used to think there was something wrong with me if I didn't have at least a dozen dates for the week-end. I fairly hung on the telephone. It was lots of fun running around with the Annapolis lads and the Princeton boys. But I never let it interfere with my work. And in the summertime I ran a girls' camp and taught horseback riding."

As she whipped back into her chair, I puzzled over what had led her to become an actress. "Money," was her frank reply. "To get it I had to do something, and I was brought up in the belief that a girl should know some kind of work. Dad, who was a lawyer, considered it an unhealthy existence for a girl to go to school, then sit around waiting for a man to come along and marry her. As to what I might do, I thought of one thing and another, among them, of course, interior decorating." This with a merry peal. "Then I thought, 'The theater, that's where they make a lot of money.' But once I was in it I didn't want acting to get the better of me. That's why I went to work at Saks-Fifth Avenue."

Even so, it was difficult to imagine her as a shopgirl, for she looked as though she had just stepped out of a drawing-room. "No girl can bring charm with her out of a drawing-room and into pictures," was her stout contention. "Even those Park Avenue girls who have gone on the stage for a lark or just to show off haven't, by the longest stretch of the imagination, become actresses. They have simply remained society girls, wearing smart clothes and looking self-conscious. The secret of acting is ease and naturalness. This means charm. Without it a girl is nothing to her part and painful to her audience. There's no one like a society girl to kill a play or a picture. She's sure death."

Not one to mince her words, Miss Russell yet had an amiable way of getting her shapely hands on sham and wringing its presuming neck. "Acting," and she rapped her knuckles, "isn't all play and no work. In fact, it's the other way round. You can't mix the two and get anywhere. But it's all right if you take them separately. I've played hard and worked hard. One thing that girls of wealthy families don't seem to realize is that all great actresses have worked like slaves. Duse and Bernhardt, as examples of greatness, were desperately poor to start with and slaved for years to make something of themselves. The same is true of most successful screen actresses, Garbo and others. Because they may be living in luxury now doesn't mean they haven't known poverty. And it has been good for them. If you stop to think, it is work with hardship that makes movie stars. It's a safe bet that if they'd started with silver spoons in their mouths they wouldn't have worked half so hard. But to be successful in pictures it is also necessary to have individual charm. You can have great ability and yet have no success. Not that screen success is a matter of personality rather than of acting. Yet there must be that individual something which for lack of a better word is called charm. Whatever it may be it interests an audience. But the only place where you can learn to sell it, in my opinion, is the stage. You can't do it under a lamp on a movie set. If I hadn't been on the stage I never would have dared to go into pictures. So far as that goes, I never even thought of it until I had an offer. It was just part of my luck. But playing 'the other woman' at first wasn't so lucky. She's just a story convenience and doesn't get you anywhere. There's no reason for a woman to behave as she does. The really dangerous woman doesn't give herself away. She never lets you see what she's up to. And she's not necessarily a dark woman, as the screen would have you believe. The great menace in everyday life is the little blonde, the blue-eyed baby doll who looks so innocent that no one ever suspects her. She can cut my throat every time. I know, for she's done it."

Shocked, I fearfully inquired whether so treacherous a charmer could possibly live and ply her knife in Hollywood. "I'm glad I came to Hollywood," remarked Miss Russell, adroitly evading the point. "It's just mad enough to be interesting. But I came out here to work, and work means the same in any place. I get a kick out of it. What's more, I want to be valuable to Hollywood producers, make money for them, which seems to be the insignia of value here. That's all right with me. So long as there's work nothing else matters to me here. It is said that marriage in Hollywood is wrong, devastating, fatal. I don't think so. But I've never considered a professional marriage. For that matter, I ain't in love with nobody," she gaily mocked. "Personally, I'm not romantically interested in actors. Still, I don't understand why marriage doesn't work out better in Hollywood. If both husband and wife are in pictures they ought to be able to get along together, for they have the same interests. In talking over their work they may, of course, get a bit excited. But if he keeps quiet and she screams he can hit her over the head and shut her up. It should be quite simple. There's nothing like teamwork to make careers and build swimming pools. Building fame is another matter, for there is nothing so unsubstantial as fame. With me, acting is just a job, at times a very pleasant one. I enjoyed going to England and helping make 'The Citadel.' One thing I liked about that picture was its working people. Even my part of the school teacher stood for work. And, after all, I'm just a working girl."

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

them to me. Oh, but what a love this new music gadget is! Did you know it makes records, too? I'm going to give a party soon and make all my guests record songs or dialogue. They can have the records for favors. Or we could have a contest. Well, we'll think about that."

Over the fireplace and above the venetian blinds were tiny gold stars. "Not my doing, they came with the place," laughed Ann. "Gwen Woodford, my friend from home who is sharing the house with me, says they thought I had a star complex. Maybe they're good luck, at that. Let's get back to the dinette, where I can keep an eye on friend chicken."

When Ann serves fried chicken, she doesn't bother with soup or cocktails. She thinks it takes the fine edge off the appetite so people don't appreciate all the effort she's made for them.

"I have mashed potatoes, all beaten up with butter and milk, and peas and beans. You know, my guests rave over Elizabeth's peas, and know what they are? They are canned peas (Heinz)—tiny ones, and she adds lots of butter and maybe a little sidemeat to give them flavor. Then we have salad, fruit mostly. Sometimes we go fancy with a jellied fruit salad, made of Knox gelatine, with cans of Dole pineapple, the cut-up kind, and pineapple juice, can of fruit salad and one of white cherries and pecan nut meats. You dissolve the gelatine in cold water, then in the hot pineapple juice. When it's cool, you add the fruit mixed with French dressing; then the nut meats. Fold in Hellman's mayonnaise, whipped cream and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Then put in your refrigerator until it sets. If it's plain fruit salad, I arrange the fruit on a crisp lettuce leaf and put a ball of cheese in the center and pour French dressing over it. As for desserts, I never eat them, and my guests are lucky if they get any, but sometimes I have a heart and provide a frozen dessert or something with lemon or orange in it, and perhaps a plain cake."

"Not if I'm invited," put in Marty. "I want dessert. What I mean, *dessert!* Now—give!"

"Oh, if you're coming, and if Betty's coming, we'll have ice cream cake. You take a good jelly roll and bake it, then when you are ready to serve it, you spread it with strawberry ice-cream, roll it up and trim it with candy shot and maybe whipped cream."



Merle Oberon, from Tasmania to Hollywood via London, is an ardent devotée of California's sunny outdoor life. Merle is sunbathing beside her pool, white play suit reflecting the rays, dark glasses softening them for the lovely Oberon orbs.

Ann is from Texas. "You'd know it the minute you came to dinner at my house and were served ham with mustard greens and black-eyed peas," said the actress, clogging around the kitchen in the intervals of inspecting the heavenly smelling fowl. "There's a place out here in the valley where we can pick mustard greens, believe it or not. I like them young and tender, or they'll be stringy. Elizabeth says she knows where she can get some black-eyed peas, so we'll soon be serving those, cooked with sidemeat. My ham isn't baked, either—it's fried. In Texas, we fry our food, and man, is it good? And no milk gravy. Real, sure 'nough pan gravy!"

Ann likes to entertain with after-theatre parties, informally. She had a successful one following the preview of "Angels with



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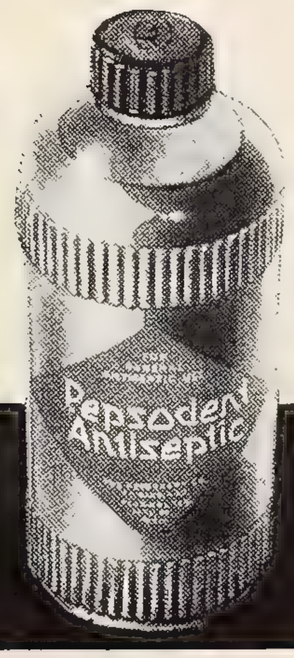
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Dirty Faces." "The food is laid out and everybody helps himself. If anyone starves, it's his fault. I provide all I can find, and I'm out to enjoy myself, so if they're wise, they'll do the same."

She has an array of cold meats, deviled eggs, sliced cheeses, olives, radishes and celery, huge mounds of rye bread, and even higher mounds of potato chips. "I have my favorite recipe for cream cheese to go with the potato chips," she confided. "You add cream to the cheese and beat it up with chopped chives or grated onions.

"In Texas we have potato salad, but you can't get good potatoes here. You boil 'em, and dice 'em, and add hard-boiled eggs and chopped chives and plenty of mayonnaise and then just before serving, I add walnuts. If you put the nuts in earlier, the potatoes will turn black. But I must use walnuts—they're my crop. Come, I'll show you!"

She led us outside to inspect the six big walnut trees. "Pretty swell, don't you think? And those two deodar trees there—I decorated them for Christmas with lots of lights, and were they lovely? Don't look at the patio and garden as they are now. I haven't been here long, you know, and they are run-down. Will till my grand gardener and I get through with it, we'll have lots of new flowerbeds this spring. That's the badminton court and that's the ping-pong table. I'm having them lit for night-playing, when the weather gets warm. Then we can play out here when we get tired of dancing or playing records."

Gwen Woodford, Ann's house-guest, came in from college just then and sniffed, hopefully. "Chicken! Annie's chicken!" she cried. "When do we eat?"

The chicken was done to a golden-brown turn. Hot and crisp and fragrant, it came to the table, and we all sat down to devour it accompanied by little hot biscuits concocted by Elizabeth with what seemed to be a twist of the wrist. Was it good? It was!

HOT BISCUIT

You make this without rolling the dough. The recipe makes 12 biscuits in a muffin pan.

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Calumet baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter
¾ cup of milk

You may need a little more milk.

Sift into a large bowl flour, baking powder and salt. Mix thoroughly. Add butter and cut into small pieces with a knife, then with fingers and thumbs flake the butter until no lumps remain. When butter is flaked, then further mix ingredients by lightly rubbing between fingers and hands. Keep fingers stiff and slightly apart and go through the mixture, lifting it and lightly rubbing it until it looks almost like flour again.

Add milk and lift mixture over and over until it combines into a rather wet dough. Then pick up pieces of wet dough and drop them into clean ungreased muffin pan.

When oven is hot (450 degrees) put biscuits as near center of oven as possible and bake for 15 minutes, when they should be a rich golden brown.

Ann was dancing again. The victrola had gone back to *La Conga*. "Bring your chicken with you. You didn't see the bedrooms! This is Gwen's in knotty pine with brass ship lamps and maps on the walls. I don't know quite why. And this is mine—all in blue and gray. Is that sumptuous? Look at my dressing room—that's beige taffeta on the walls and rose drapes on the dressing-table. Come back! Let's finish that bird. NOW, can I fry chicken?"

She can!

Important Women of Motion Pictures

Continued from page 65

raves—not only because they are the most expert examples of the use of Technicolor up to date according to a number of experienced cameramen, but no one can see the parade of tall slender beauties without remembering the superb loveliness of the Ziegfeld Follies.

As a matter of fact, Florenz Ziegfeld did have a definite influence on Vyvyan Donner's work during the era when she was known as "The Girl Who Owns Broadway"—or perhaps we should say she had an influence on his productions. She was in the early 20's a frequent contributor of ideas and costumes for Mr. Ziegfeld's



The Princess Baba, daughter of the White Rajah of Sarawak, who makes her film début in "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man."

shows. American models look upon engagements with this astute young woman with somewhat the same pride that an American stage beauty referred to the fame of having been picked for the Follies. It is generally acknowledged that the most beautiful models in the world appear in the fashion sequences directed by Vyvyan Donner. These girls are delighted to work with her not only because it is always a pleasant experience to do so but because she manages to give her models a little experience in real acting in addition to the parading of styles.

Several of the lovely wearers of her stunning fashions have gone to Hollywood. Phyllis Brooks and Priscilla Lawson, for example. Michael Whalen is one of the young men whose natural talent for acting was sharpened when he was wearing clothes under Miss Donner's watchful eye. Stanley Hughes and Alan Curtis are also screen drama comers who have worked in the Fox-Movietone studio which was especially enlarged so that Vyvyan Donner could prove that clothes make the most vital kind of newsreel subjects.

"One of the main reasons why I think our little sequences are successful," Miss Donner said to me the other day, "is that clothes have a far deeper connection with

our destiny than we know. They are a part of life itself. When we look back at the big moments of our lives—or at the little ones—we are apt to say, 'I was wearing my new blue dress when that happened to me,' or 'That was the evening I had on my gold evening gown.' We have special clothes for all special occasions from christening robes to coming-out frocks and wedding gowns. They have a deep place and a deep meaning. The happiest people I have known are those who have had a natural affinity for the right kind of clothes."

Mary Pickford—we were delightfully told by Margaret E. Sangster in the first article of this series—was learning to read from bill-boards as a child actress, at an age when most little girls are playing dolls. Vyvyan Donner—at the same age—was playing with dolls all right, also dressing up in her mother's clothes, and producing plays. She especially loved paper dolls because there was no end to the magnificent wardrobes she could cut for them from colored paper. Having a father with a European background (Montague Donner was born in Helsingfors and educated in England and Switzerland) she was more conscious of European customs than most American children. A fact which has had important bearing on her work. For her paper dolls she included proper clothes for presentation at court. This childhood occupation, encouraged by an intuitive, art-loving mother, Adelaide Donner, who was always her inspiration, was preparing her for the famous Vyvyan Donner "Color Silhouette" which led her into motion pictures. Pathe Newsreel asked permission to make some scenes cutting out a silhouette for a felt poster. "That was the moment when I was knocked unconscious by the motion picture," she says. "I have never come to!"

Like Pickford, too, she benefited from association with grown-ups—for the most important people from New York's art and literary life visited constantly the charming home of her parents. Her father was a poet and teacher and her mother a brilliant pianist. Vyvyan was taken to see the great masterpieces. Ferried back and forth between New York and Europe. Listened to with respect, even as a little child. She left school to enter the theatre, and from then on her intense life activities piled up with the speed of movie montage. She was a show girl at the Casino, and introduced bare legs to the Winter Garden chorus. She taught dancing, studied art at Cooper Union, devised costumes, peddled ideas, made posters and window displays, decorated nightclubs, wrote articles on the theatre and fashions, illustrated them herself. Every week the *New York Times* carried sketches from her hand. Her beautiful color posters looked down from the leading bill-boards of Broadway, and there were credit lines for her dance figures on the programs. This was the time when she was called "The Girl Who Owns Broadway," and she did.

It was in 1922 that Miss Donner posed for the felt poster subject for Pathe News. At once she could see that the field held something for her and she decided to find out. "First of all I sat right down and made a long list of subjects I thought would make good film features," she relates in telling of her screen history. "Many of them were about the queer, funny clothes—like bustles, chatelaine watches, pompadours and strange bathing suits I had written about in my fashion articles. But I could not find anybody to let me go ahead with my ideas, so I decided to do them myself. I found a cameraman who would be willing to give me a day of his time and his camera at a low price. I got hold of an old automobile, some antique dusters and goggles and veils, such as were worn when automobiles were called "horseless carriages," hired a couple of people who did

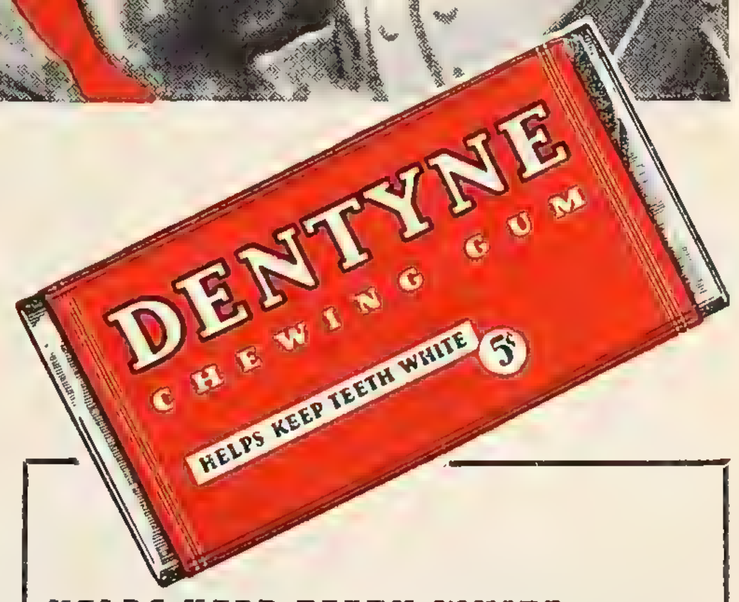
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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your sto.nach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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not mind risking their lives, and made a picture of early 'joy riding' in America. It all cost $50 and I sold it for $500. I still see parts of it used on the screen. That gave me courage to make other short newsreel episodes and features. One of these showed bathing styles 1890 versus 1924. For this I hired a large group of models and took them down to Fire Island for a couple of days. What I learned about picture making from that experience! The whole island went wild. The news broke loose up and down the south shore of Long Island that movies were being made. Every boat that arrived from the mainland was loaded. We needed a whole cordon of New York Police, but there was only little timid me trying to keep the crowd out of the way of the camera, to get the girls into their costumes, keeping an eye on the properties, seeing to it that everyone got sandwiches and coffee, and telling the cameraman where to set his camera. I was make-up man, hairdresser, grips, president, trouble-shooter, director, property-man, dresser, scenario-writer, commissary and police—everything but the cameraman, and he was having troubles of his own.

"Today I would have a unit of ten or fifteen expert studio technicians and a dozen automobiles to help me stage such a piece. I suppose somebody might have told me that I needed help—but I am glad no one did. I never had over $200 to spend. But by plunging in I learned how to cut corners and do things with cinema, that I could never have learned any other way. I got so that I became a regular contributor to Pathe, and did a two-reel melodrama for Paramount. My method was to write out an idea, take it to a newsreel editor, and if he seemed to react favorably, to get under way."

It was four or five years later that Miss Donner made her connection with Fox-Movietone. It was a cold, windy, howling day in January, 1929, in which the weather was exactly dramatizing her feelings, and she was giving up to the luxury of having the blues. Suddenly her mother remembered that there was a fashion show scheduled to be given at a department store. "We mustn't give in to this," she said, "let's go." They did not want to go, but they put on their coats and overshoes and went.

"That was one of the most important decisions of my life," says Miss Donner. "Fashion shows were not so frequent as they are today. The method of displaying clothes on living models was then confined to the swanky dress shops and salons of the French coutouriers. The show fired me with a new idea. On the way home I put it into action. I stopped in at an office of a dress manufacturer I knew in the same block, to ask him what he would think about putting fashion shows into the movies. He told me that if I would get a newsreel to agree to use such a fashion show he would let me produce it, and would pay all of the expense. Next day I went to see Mr. Eddie Reek at Fox-Movietone. He was interested and told me that if I thought I could go ahead, his company would loan me its studio and all its facilities, including make-up man and hairdresser. I can remember what an impression *that* made on me. He furthermore said that if I made a success of the subject that he would talk to me about contributing regularly. So I pitched in with my accustomed frugality and economy, born of holding my own bag. A week later the picture was showing at Roxy's, and I was on the Fox-Movietone payroll."

Miss Donner still writes out or suggests her ideas to her boss—who is now Mr. Talley—before starting work on a new subject. She has her own method of keeping abreast of fashion. She digs up her own ideas, and where she gets her hunches about style-trends so far in advance, her contemporaries cannot imagine. She writes her own scenario, collects and chooses all the clothes which she is going to emphasize and the accessories to go with them, from specialty concerns, department stores, fashionists, etc. She sends out a call for the models and hires the ones that will best carry her selections. And after all the photographing is done there is still the cutting and the timing of the commentator to the picture—two words to three feet of film.

If the story is to be shot at the studio, she designs the settings in conjunction with Al Panci, the art director, who passes on the instructions to the two carpenters who build the sets, Billy Ross and his assistant, Whitey, who Miss Donner boasts can "pull rabbits out of hats." If she chooses to use outside settings—such as the Sert Room at the Waldorf, the Coq Rouge, the Automobile Show, first night at the theatre, she makes arrangements for lighting, camera, etc., and takes her own people. In public scenes of this kind she especially likes to use scenes in which there is a waiter, who always adds just the right note to any scene, she opines. Comes the dawn when everything is ready to begin photographing the Great Jewelry Drama, the story of how father's old red woolen underwear had been cut over to make a stunning ski-suit for daughter Dolores, or a little number about cruise clothes, such as they were photographing the other day when I was there. The set has been completed by the two wonder-workers, and has been dressed by the property-man, Nick Hollen and Frank Bird. The original Goya or handsome Ming vase which Miss Donner has thought to borrow at the last minute to add artistic value to the set, are in place. It does not make any difference to her whether anyone sees it or not. Miss Donner knows it is there herself, and it helps her feel right about the picture.

Jack Painter, the debonair cameraman who has been working with Miss Donner for eight years, is jockeying the camera into position for the opening sequence on the sands of Palm Beach. He calls on the electricians to snap on the lights and get everything set. Secretly this is so he will have his mind free to kid the lady maestro when Miss Donner appears with her black glasses and script. This he does with remarkable bravuro. He has been twitting dames, be they duchesses or parlormaids—and making them like it—ever since he persuaded mothers to let their children pose in their communion suits besides his boss' ponies, in Brooklyn, when he was a young lad. It was added to by a session as butcher-boy to Anita Stewart and other Vitagraph stars, at the time his father was in charge of 'stills' at the old studio in Flatbush. It is a qualification possessed, it seems, by most cameramen who photograph beautiful women. Meantime, being the real technician that he is, he tends to his lenses. Whenever Miss Donner makes her appearance, be it early or late, she will find her high, home-made 'personality' stool, with the chair top, designed especially for her use by some one of her faithful crew—next to the camera—so that she can lean over and take a look through the finder before the shot. The models put in their appearance when they are ready and dressed in their costumes, with Morgan Jones, the make-up man, with his box of powders and grease paints, and Leo, the hairdresser, with his brushes and bobby pins, in their trail. It would never do for a tiny shine to appear on any perfect nose! Nor for Miss Donner to think that too much hair was showing under a hat! It is a tense moment while the lady maestro casts her eyes around to see if everything is just right. It is—with the models, but ah! ah! there is one tiny inch of Miss Donner's own hair which is not where it should be. This calls for action, but she is too busy to think of her own appearance. With

care and precision Leo takes a bobby pin out of his box and tip-toes up behind her and deftly tucks it into Miss Donner's head from behind.

Thus the day is begun. Vyvyan Donner is here, there, everywhere—seeing everything, remembering everything that goes with everything else. The wrong glove with the right dress may cause tragedy. She talks the action over with Jack Painter and the models, gives the order for one to begin her walk into the set, coming forward eight steps in a diagonal line, stopping, displaying her gown, wrap or whatever it is, continuing her march off the screen. Another model enters the set from the opposite side before the first one has disappeared, thus making balance and a pattern for the flow of the action. If not a diagonal pattern, then some other. Miss Donner says that she can always draw a picture of the pattern she intends to carry out in the movement of her actresses. Before anyone realizes it noon is here, and time for lunch. The new chef has set up his long table in front of the three boxes in the diamond horseshoe and piled it high with sandwiches, pastries and coffee. Miss Donner sits down at the head of the table and the models, guests, fashion writers, Mr. Painter, and whoever drops in—perhaps it is Lowell Thomas or Lew Lehr—eat with much joking and chatter. Pretty soon the timed, patterned entrance of the models will begin again, made with the precision of a dynamo. The palm tree has been changed to the deck of a cruising yacht. So the day goes on—maybe till six, which will put Miss Vyvyan home in time for a warm bath and a nap before dressing up and going out to dinner. Maybe till midnight—which is all right too.

With all the figuring, the precision and endless calculating of her job, Miss Donner manages to get around a lot. She loves to dance and dine out, to go to the opera, and see the new pictures. But with it all she always has time to do some studying—painting, French. She and her adored mother the last two years of her life, studied Greek and Roman art together, as if they were school children. She goes to Europe every year and would like some day to become a director of dramatic pictures. "The Informer" she thinks is the goal to aim at. She thinks it is the finest film she has ever seen; that the scenes with their fog and shadows are like beautiful paintings, the simplicity of the composition, superb; the dramatic construction of story and the emotional content all heightened by the fine sense of pictorial values and artistically conceived direction accorded the scenario.

We were talking about it the other morning when I had breakfast with her in her beautiful studio on Central Park South. She stood by the mantel, looking across her blue-gray drawing room as if she were peering off into far distant space—into the future, perhaps. The grand piano, the quaint blue and crystal mirror, bought on her last trip to Venice, the beautiful rugs, the sun-flooded windows, were nothing to her. There were no walls to restrain her vision. "Today I am going to dramatize two hats, and I love it," she said. "But think what I could do if they would only let me work with human emotions."



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"Disgustingly Normal"

Continued from page 51

from the corner of her tightly compressed lips, who made motions for us to come in and take a seat on a divan set against the wall opposite the mirrored dressing table. Presently the lady removed the thermometer from her mouth, held it up to the light, and said: "Disgustingly normal!"

By this time we recognized the comely blonde person as Shirley Ross. Our fears that we had mixed our dates and were to call on her next Wednesday instead of today were pleasantly allayed when the lady graciously apologized for delaying us with this clinical procedure, and shook hands very friendly-like. It seems she had contracted a cold, had called in a doctor, and he had suggested she get a thermometer and keep track of her temperature. "I never had anything to do with one of these jiggers before. It's kind of fun. I feel like a child with a new toy," she added. Presently her husband, Ken Dolan (artists' agent), dropped in—and just then Shirley's maid brought in an autograph book from somebody (which two incidents we put in here to explain those references to "darling" and "writing with her left hand" in the notes above). We're sorry we brought them up, they are getting in everybody's way around here.

Between bites of breakfast from the tray that now had been set up on a card table before her, Shirley Ross talked about this and that. Presently there were but two people in the room, interviewee and interviewer. Then we found out that Bernice Gaunt, later Shirley Ross of the movies, suffered such terrors of stage fright in her first public appearances as a school-girl musician, that the last thing she ever thought of was a movie career, though she lived within the shadow of film studios and screen celebrities.

It was the second instance proving the strange ways of stage fright we have run across among the film people. Harold Lloyd was the first—in explaining the wherefore of the shell-rim specs he wears before the camera, the comedian told how he had been looking for something to put him at ease; he was jumpy, self-conscious and nervous when acting. Then he accidentally put on a pair of specs for a comedy part, and felt so comfortable and at ease he since has never attempted to act a single scene without them.

We were trying to find out why Shirley Ross, after studying hard and making real progress as a pianist, had quit the piano altogether for singing—professionally, that is. "I was terrified every time I played the piano before an audience," she said. "My teachers arranged several appearances, but I couldn't play half well enough to suit myself, and though I was applauded for these performances they never did anything but discourage me to the point where I felt I'd give up the piano altogether rather than face the prospect of playing concerts."

The answer is, of course, that she aimed too high in her devotion to something on which she had worked so hard and loved so much. But blues singing? "Oh, when I took up singing blues songs I did it because I liked them in the same way as everybody else does: as entertainment, light diversion that's here today and gone whenever we tire of it."

The blues singing she did at a Los Angeles hotel with Gus Arnheim's band landed her in the movies, just as singing cluttered up the Hollywood studios with scores of sopranos, tenors and crooners during the big rush of the film musicals. Shirley was signed by M-G-M and promptly forgotten between assignments to a song specialty in a picture here and there.

"I could see where all that was leading me," said Miss Ross, who has a mind of her own. "So I went to the front office, where nobody seemed to know me, and got a lot of most startled looks when I said I wanted to act parts, not just sing blues numbers. The looks told me very plainly that I was a pretty nervy person to demand anything at all, considering that I was hardly in pictures at all."

But the interview with the front-office biggies resulted in some action, and eventually led to Shirley Ross receiving an offer from Paramount for a good part in "Big Broadcast of 1937." Now she's getting acting parts—the first straight part being in "Prison Farm," a "B" picture—"but it was something straight from heaven for me because it meant a definite step toward acting," she says. You see it's as an actress that Shirley Ross hopes to make her impress on the future. Why? "There's no future in blues singing"—remember?

James Roosevelt Joins the Movies

Continued from page 27

thousands of people in Hollywood with a knowledge of movie-making who would be of value to Goldwyn, and whom the producer could secure for far less than Jimmy's $650 a week, but Goldwyn feels that Jimmy's donation to the cause will be of such unique character that he will be more than compensated for teaching the young man the business.

On the understandable side is Goldwyn's adoration of big names. His story and that of his acquisition of the son of a President is the story of America. A Polish Jew, he came to the United States at the age of fourteen and got a job in a glove factory. Later he became a salesman and sold more gloves than any other representative of the company. In the earliest days of the cinema he looked upon the screen as a great new medium of boundless possibilities. With Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil B. DeMille, he formed a partnership which today is known as Paramount Pictures. He joined with Arch and Edgar Selwyn in forming Goldwyn Pictures (the name was a combination of the Selwyns and his own, Goldfish), which was to become Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Today he has attained a position in which the hiring of a President's son and a member of a family of American bluebloods is considered by him but a normal act.

Evidence of his devotion to famous names came a good many years ago. He formed a film organization known as Eminent Authors, which attracted many of the bigwigs of the day including Rex Beach, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rupert Hughes and Gouverneur Morris. He brought Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden to the screen. He paid Edna Ferber $10,000 a week, after buying her "Come and Get It" for $100,000, just to come to Hollywood and talk about the story. He sought an alliance with George Bernard Shaw, and was stopped only when Shaw said, "We could never get along, for our ideas conflict. All you think of is art, and all I think of is money."

In Jimmy Roosevelt he sees his big name fetish carried to its ultimate. Goldwyn honestly believes that Jimmy will contribute a great deal to his company, but his subconscious motives are revealed unwittingly. He says, "Jimmy knows everybody. Everyone in the world of importance is his friend. He can talk to anybody." Therein lies the element that is most at-

tractive to Goldwyn, access to the famous.

Of course, it has been said that with Metro doing the Hardy Family and Fox doing the Jones Family that it was only natural that Goldwyn would like to do the Roosevelt family!

Properly handled, Jimmy Roosevelt's movie career can be a stepping-stone to the goal he reputedly has in mind. It is said that he would like a political life, and it has been more than casually mentioned that some day he may be a Presidential possibility. No industry in the world has a publicity machine equal to that of Hollywood. Due to a press agent's handling of the original Roosevelt-Goldwyn announcement and the subsequent interview with correspondents, Jimmy has a scrapbook of press clippings as imposing as that of any movie star. He gives a pleasing and impressive appearance before the news-reel cameras, and if he learns the tricks that Hollywood can teach him, he should come out of the experience more competently equipped than any other public figure.

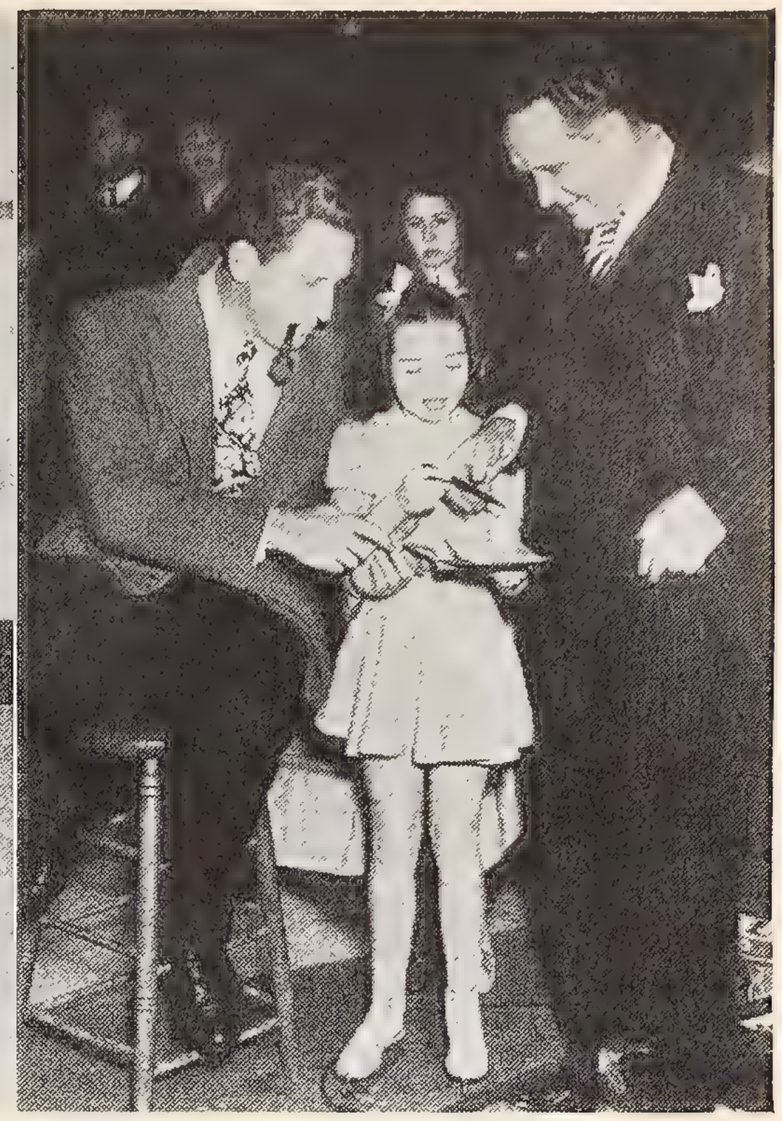
Hollywood has had its outside celebrities and is taking Jimmy in its stride. The glamor of the place has lured the great and the near-great. Visits from royalty are common. Too, the town has been taken in by some monumental frauds, for Hollywood is a push-over for anyone claiming to be famous.

Jimmy has been pretty noncommittal about his duties as vice-president of Samuel Goldwyn Inc., and that is largely because neither he nor the producer have much of an idea what he will do. They call each other Sam and Jimmy, and out of such a camaraderie some idea is bound to develop.

Looking at the situation with the cynical eye of Hollywood, the best advice to Jimmy is to be wary. Already Goldwyn is looking at possible new fields, for when asked if he thought his next acquisition would be the Duke of Windsor, he replied, "I expect now to make an offer to the king." Just joking, of course.

The tenure of the average Goldwyn executive is short. They withdraw from the organization either with an "amicable settlement" or with ulcers; the division is about equal. Jimmy has a five-year contract. It might not be amiss for him to re-read it carefully, and be sure that it contains no clause by which Goldwyn can exercise an option on his services or fire him on the Wednesday following the first Tuesday in November, 1940. The votes should be pretty well counted by noon.





Phyllis Thompson, aged 8 and a champion skater, even glides to and from school class—at M-G-M, where Phyllis is appearing in the featurette "The Art of Skating." At right, Phyllis is getting star names for her autograph book—those of Spencer Tracy and Frank Borzage.



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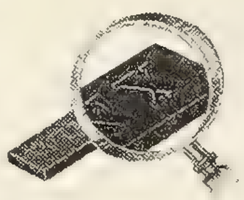
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Medals and Birds

Continued from page 63

he is to Lombard what chicken is to dumplings—or vice-versa.

Florence Rice gets the bed of petunias because she is not only beautiful, charming, educated, refined (you get the idea that I care, I hope, Florence) but also because she is coming along at a great rate in pictures and whether the picture is A, B, C or D it is worth seeing because Florence is in it.

Gary Cooper rates a medal because he continues giving swell performances and because he hasn't changed an iota from the "Long Tack Sam" I knew nine years ago.

To Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, Miriam Hopkins, Warren William and a couple of others whose names elude me at the moment, go the bed of forget-me-soons because they have finally heeded my pleas—or please—and retired.

Constance Bennett rates the bed—or tree—of orchids because *there* is class and because she just won't stay licked. When everyone thought she was through she comes back in three big pictures in one year.

Spencer Tracy rates one of the shiniest medals because, although I have been rooting for him for years, he finally crashes through in 1938 and becomes one of *the* most important box-office draws of the screen.

My, my. Mr. Goldwyn's champagne is completely making me forget myself. I'm going Pollyanna on you and if this keeps up no one will love me. Or, even if they love me they won't find me very interesting. Like Educational Films, I want to be known as "The Spice of the Program." Just a little pepper pot.

Well, here's a bird for Norma Shearer because, in times like these, I never read a more stupid interview than she gave out to the New York press saying she couldn't do the things she wanted to do on $25,000 a year so she has to work. Phooey.

And here's another bird—the biggest of them all—to Edgar Bergen because no one has EVER gone so completely Hollywood in so short a time as he. No one can gainsay your cleverness, Mr. B., but no one's cleverness could develop at the rate your good opinion of yourself has.

And a bird to Alice Faye because a few years ago when you were cast with Warner Baxter in "King of Burlesque" you wept tears of gratitude all over the Fox lot that you were finally being cast in an "A" picture with a first rate leading man. But when, recently, you were cast with him again you put up a howl that rocked Hollywood because, you said, he was too old for you!

And a bird to Jean Arthur because you're still nursing that persecution complex and a too- but too-exalted an idea of your ability.

Heigho. Champagne is affectionately called giggle-water and here am I grousing about everything—or anyhow, everybody.

Well, Jimmie Stewart gets a medal because he is still not only a pretty swell guy but a pretty swell actor.

And Robert Young gets a medal because he is the most *un*temperamental actor I know and with a little help from the right parties (are yuh with me, Messrs Stromberg and Mannix) he could be a topnotch star.

Deanna Durbin certainly rates the bed of daffodils, not only because she is as fresh and lovely as they, but because she is a shining example of "How to grow old gracefully."

Jimmie Cagney wins a medal hands down because he stands up for his rights and because no matter how long he is off the screen or how inferior the pictures he appears in may be, he still manages, by force of personality and ability, to retain his place in the sun.

And Hedy Lamarr deserves the bed of—well, I'm inclined to go hog-wild and just give you the whole hothouse, Hedy, because—well, just because.

To John Garfield goes one of my biggest and best medals because he is not only a superb actor but because he is modest and because I don't believe Hollywood will ever "get" him.

To Virginia Grey, with all my love (and, baby, you'll never know) goes the bed of hollyhocks because they are as unassuming as Virginia, because they are beautiful, because they are one of my favorite flowers and Virginia is one of my favorite people.

Although this is a department for actors and actresses, I should like to take time out to bestow a special award on Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. Mr. Goldwyn may never win any awards for the even tenor of his disposition and he may continue to be the butt of many a Hollywood witticism. But, year in and year out, Mr. Goldwyn makes the most consistently good pictures of any producer in Hollywood, and in my humble opinion, if the word genius is to be applied to anyone in this business it should be pinned upon Mr. Goldwyn. You're welcome, Sammie, and it's a good thing I said my say when I did because the champagne is gone and the milk of human kindness in my veins has turned to ichor.

All of which means the icebox has been opened and a few juicy birds are being dragged out into the light of day.

This one goes to Jack Benny. This hurts me worse than it does you, Jack (Yeah, I know that's an old line but it's always good). I would as soon think of skipping my prayers as I would one of your radio broadcasts but you're so absorbed in yourself you not only haven't time to be amusing off-screen, you haven't even time to be civil.

I've made an exception to an old rule and instead of "Ladies first" it's "Ladies in between." Which is by way of saying that, while it pains me, I must toss a bird in the direction of Irene Dunne. I have never read an unflattering interview on you and yet, all of a sudden you've reached the point where you don't need publicity, and can't be bothered with the press.

And here's a bird to David Niven because, after being kicked around Hollywood for years, he suddenly gets a few minor breaks and immediately fancies himself so important that he, too, doesn't need publicity. Well, you were good in a couple of minor parts, Mr. Niven, but I, personally, don't believe that anything short of a marriage to Garbo would ever make you important enough that you don't need all the publicity you can get.

What's this? A pull at the doorbell and when I open it what does it turn out to be but some cheer from that thoughtful Walter Wanger. In all fairness, Mr. Wanger, your pictures haven't always turned out to be all I have predicted for you (although I am not forgetting "Algiers" by any means) but those articles you have been writing for various bladders as Mr. Damon Runyon would term them, reflect an intelligence and insight that does credit to the industry and which make me continue to root for you—tooth and nail, mind you.

And, under Mr. Wanger's stimulus, we'll go merrily on with our awards.

The calla lilies to Sonja Henie because she has reached the point in her career where she no longer has to depend on her ice-skating for applause. She can now stand on her own feet (and VE-RY shapely, too) as an actress.

A medal to Joel McCrea because he is regular and because, while he has never taken himself seriously as an actor, in his last picture he gives a performance that any man on the screen might be proud of.

Geeminy. Here we are almost at the end of our tether—or paper—and Bette Davis hasn't been mentioned.

Bette, my toots, you know—or should know—how you stand with me. You're the ultimate in acting, you're as sane and sensible as they come and you handle, not only your career but your private life with finesse and discretion. You should be at the top of this department and it is an inexcusable oversight you aren't. The bed of peonies to you.

And Janet Gaynor. I've never liked you, Janet. That outspokenness for which I'm more or less noted compels me to say I still don't. But in "A Star Is Born" and "The Young In Heart" you made me feel like "Stand up and cheer." Saluté! The sweet Williams for you.

My, my. It grows late apace and I have scarce covered half the field. A medal to George Raft because he is regular, bighearted and observes "Be-kind-to-others" week all year round. One to John Barrymore because, after hating him for years, I finally met him and a more genial entertaining gent I have never encountered. And one to Edward Arnold for his performance in "You Can't Take It With You" and one to John Carradine for his performance in "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Just as the bride throws her bouquet, so I'm throwing all that's left of my hothouse into the air and hoping that Barbara Stanwyck, Anne Shirley, Claudette Colbert, Olivia de Havilland, Una Merkel, Virginia Bruce, Loretta Young, Miliza Korjus and Merle Oberon each get a posey for varied—but obvious reasons.

And, just so people won't think Messrs Goldwyn's and Wanger's gifts have turned me soft, I'm tossing a flock of birds in the direction of Jack Haley (who annoys me to the point I leave the theatre when he comes on the screen), Paul Muni (whose acting I admire profoundly but who, personally, affects me like an overdose of ipecac). John Howard, for whom I see no excuse—either with or without his mustache, Martha Raye—on second thought Martha, I'll hold out the bird until we've had time to talk this over. Maybe you're still passing through a phase.

There! I'm clean out of hates, out of ideas, out of adjectives, epithets, verbs, flowers, birds. But I can dream, can't I?



Frieda Inescort, truant from Hollywood for quite a spell, and Patric Knowles in a scene from RKO's "Beauty for the Asking."

He's Her Boss

Continued from page 34

released to theatres throughout the land.

Had Deanna been playing a Dollar Princess in that film her personal bank account would be even richer than it is. The character name was *Penny,* you may recall, and from the day she started working in the part Pasternak put Deanna on his private payroll for a penny a day. From then to now Deanna daily receives her penny from Pasternak. One of the first details he arranged before leaving Hollywood on a recent vacation, was provision for one of his staff to see that Deanna received her penny every day.

Joe Pasternak's own success story is a parallel in contrast to that of the young star whose meteoric ascent he can explain far better than she herself can. One of eleven children whose father was a hard-working bookkeeper in Simloul Silvania, Hungary, Joe Pasternak at 19 completed the better-than-average education, for boys of his country and economic situation, which parental sacrifice made possible. After graduation from the gymnasium (approximate equivalent of junior college in this country) Joe set out for America. In Philadelphia he found his first job over here, working in a belt factory. At piecework pay of 6 cents for every gross of leather belts into which he punched the required number of buckle holes, Joe managed to make $11 a week—a fortune in his eyes. Later he went to New York. His first job there was plucking feathers from freshly killed chickens in a poultry meat shop. Next he became a bus boy in a cafeteria, and graduated to the commissary department



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at the Paramount studios in Long Island City. Soon he was averaging $100 a week as waiter—mostly on tips so freely handed out by stars, directors, and lesser lights among the film people. He quit the lucrative job instantly he was offered a job, at $15 a week, as assistant director to Allan Dwan, then filming one of Gloria Swanson's pictures. Closing of the studio in the east sent Joe to Hollywood, where promises of a job failed to materialize. He decided to produce a film—a shoestring affair—with El Brendel as star of a comedy short subject. The film interested Wesley Ruggles, who made Joe his assistant, a job he filled until 1928, when Universal sent him abroad.

From the start, through four productions up to the present, which finds them in the midst of their fifth ("Three Smart Girls Grow Up"), there has been no friction between Pasternak and his star or her family. The smooth sailing, happy contrast to many similar situations where youngsters have been rocketed to stardom, is attributed by Pasternak to almost everybody but himself. The girl herself, primarily; Koster, "who loves children," says Pasternak; the girl's own family—all of whom, Deanna included, regard the older sister's achievement, teacher of a class of 40 public school youths, as a success even more brilliant than Deanna's own accomplishments. There is, Pasternak says, as much excitement in the Durbin household about attending the commencement exercises of the sister's school classes, as over any of the beglamorized Hollywood previews of Deanna's films.

Details and anecdote that reinforce his belief that Deanna Durbin's great naturalness on the screen is the basis of her success and an actual expression of the girl herself, punctuate Pasternak's conversation. Only recently he says, has Deanna become clothes conscious—but he adds, no more so than any girl her age of whatever circumstances. She expects little in the way of attention, is genuinely thrilled by any courtesies—could scarcely believe he was serious when Pasternak told her she could have for her own one of the costumes she wore in "That Certain Age." The once-a-week movie shows in the studio projection room while the company is working are as eagerly anticipated and heartily enjoyed, he thinks, by Deanna as far more glamorous events might be accepted by many girls her age. Pasternak puts on the shows as a diversion because he recommends (it isn't a command because he can't enforce such an edict by any authority he has in the matter) that the youngsters do not go out nights while they are making a picture. The shows are family affairs, for any members of the company who care to attend. Some time ago Deanna was visited by the girl whose schoolmates in a New Jersey town sent her to Hollywood with expenses paid by contributions of 10 cents each. Pasternak recalls that Deanna came to him begging as a very special favor his permission to bring the girl with her to the show that night.

The next Deanna Durbin picture will be a sequel to her first. She plays *Penny* again, with Charles Winninger as her dad, Nan Grey as the sister she played in "Three Smart Girls," and Helen Parrish in the part originally played by Barbara Reid. Deanna will sing "Last Rose of Summer," and a vocal arrangement of Weber's classic orchestral piece, "Invitation to the Waltz," with lyrics written especially for the young diva. Pasternak, who worries about keeping out any incident that might make the Durbin pictures in any slight detail offensive to the typical American family he strives to present in these plays, says there'll be no popular music in the picture. "In lots of American homes," he solemnly explains, "the parents do not approve of jazz or swing music."

Attention Candid Camera Fiends

Continued from page 66

rib in them, soft and hard papers, some with a raised surface and some that give a diffused effect.

"I believe that what is called 'dodging' can do a great deal for your picture. To 'dodge,' you use a mask for certain spots in a picture, so that places that are too light or too dark, or that you'd like to blot out for some reason."

Verree enjoys almost every kind of picture. Scenery, portraits, action shot, child studies, anything that catches her interest. "I made a shot of the Seine River in Paris that is rather nice," she said, producing the print. "For this, I focused on the bridge which is midway in the picture, making the bridge sharp and giving depth to the picture as everything before and behind it is less sharply defined. You can see the little figures, dozing, fishing, and walking in the foreground and the buildings rising in the background. Everything is given sufficient detail, and yet there is harmony."

To make a really good shot, Verree advises: "Decide where you want your emphasis and focus so as to give that special object the most interest. Now, if I were to take a picture of you, as you sit there, I'd focus somewhere behind you so that things in the background wouldn't seem to be rising from your hair or your hat. That's what's wrong with many shots. When I took a portrait of my baby straight on, just wanting to get an expression, I focussed on the white ribbing of his sweater and everything back of him appeared blurred and inconspicuous. In this shot of two neighbor babies, I blurred out their nurse by this method.

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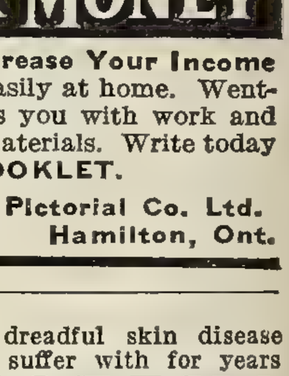
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"You get so used to your camera that you can tell at sight how to make a shot. Use a light meter to get correct timing and your camera has stops for timing to correspond with the meter. Once you understand the technical points, you can estimate exactly what you must do to get the desired results.

"When I took my pet picture of New York as we left on the Ile de France early one morning, the city was still in a haze with the sun in the foreground on the water and on a small tugboat that was leaving us. I got three distinct shades of gray in the city buildings, as well as my blacks and whites. I like boat shots. There's such a chance for composition. Angle shots are usually interesting, like this of the Ile de France and this of the Queen Mary, from the tender at Plymouth. In this, of Queen Mary's tender, taken from ours, I focussed on the great white tank—see how clear the detail is, both ways?

"I enjoy doing portraits, but I like them best outdoors, where people are more at ease. If you fuss around with lights, your sitter grows stiff and uncomfortable. Sometimes I do color shots indoors, because these need special lighting. I project these shots on my home movie screen and they are beautiful. I did several color shots of my baby in his nursery, but of course



Bonita Granville welcomes Frankie Thomas for a visit to her set at Warners' studio.

I watched him and got ready while he played around and then shot quickly.

"This camera is so rapid it can stop anything in motion. I can stop a train going sixty miles an hour—that's what they call it when you catch the train without a blur. Contax speed is up to 1/1250 of a second; it will get almost anything at 1/500 of a second, and at less than that can do remarkable things.

"Babies are so active that they need a speedy shutter to catch them. I follow my baby and his little friends around the garden and catch them at play. He doesn't bother about me. He knows Mommy has a camera, but after looking at it once, he lets it go at that. The children here at the pool had no idea that I was getting them. I seldom ask anyone to sit for a portrait. I can use almost the same method I use with the baby, for I usually click off 20 to 25 shots when I'm after a picture. During the first few clicks perhaps the subject is selfconscious, but after that they usually forget the camera and aren't aware that I'm still playing with it.

"Mr. Menjou enjoys looking at my work, but he's not interested in doing it himself. He has enough of pictures at studios. However, he's very sweet about letting me snap him. I like this one, as he was walking through Piccadilly Arcade in London, and this one on the boat. On this, in Luxembourg Gardens, Paris, I gave it brighter lighting than usual. I never take my own picture—never even have a picture of myself in the house. That's not what interests me in my hobby!"

Verree confides that much of the success of her pictures lies in the darkroom. She can block out what she doesn't want and bring up the interesting features. "If I took a picture of you now," she explained, "I might take you in that chair with the set in the background. Then in the darkroom I might decide that the real interest lay in your head alone and I'd bring that out and leave out all the rest.

"I don't much care for experiments in lighting for portraits, although I may get interested in that some day. Perhaps this is because I like outdoor portraits. But a strong light from directly above a face full of character will create a mood, you know; probably a grim one. So far, though, I've felt that I'm after an informal, natural picture. It may be fun sometime to do a series of different moods."

Verree keeps her best prints mounted on large pieces of cardboard and put in folders especially made for them. Then she can look at them without any trouble, or show a few of them without plowing through a whole book. "I'm a real fiend," she smiled. "I find it absorbing. I love experiments. But I don't go in for the *Coronet* style of camera work, taking still life—a cabbage leaf dripping with dew, a tomato cut in half, a pair of hands with a sponge, and so on. That is really very easy, for all you need is a special lens that can be set very close to a subject and easily adjusted lighting. It all seems too mechanical and artificial to me.

"If you are beginning, it's best to stick to medium yellow filters for outdoors shots, because they will dim down too bright sunshine, bring out what clouds there are and give you good results. When you get more expert, you can vary your filters as you find it best. I seldom use a red filter unless I wish to make a night shot by day, but light or dark filters can be chosen for individual taste. Here's one of my most successful red-filter shots, with the Place Vendome silhouetted against clouds. This was a yellow filter for Stratford on Avon Ticket Office. That's my idea of an interesting subject!"

Alan Mowbray and Roland Young sauntered over from the set and began to inspect the pictures. Alan, with a shot of New York's Fifth Avenue in his hand, began to "Tsk! Tsk!" and shake his head. Roland looked at the shot and "Tsked!" too.

"*Now* what?" demanded Verree in the tone of one used to much kidding.

Alan "Tsked!" again and showed me the shot.

"See? All those people walking along the street and *everyone of them men!* What do you make of it? Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!"

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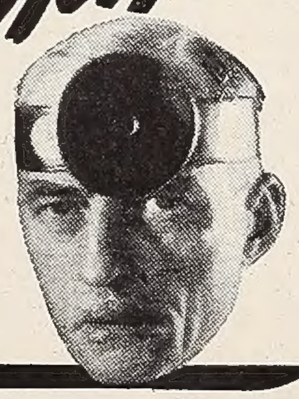


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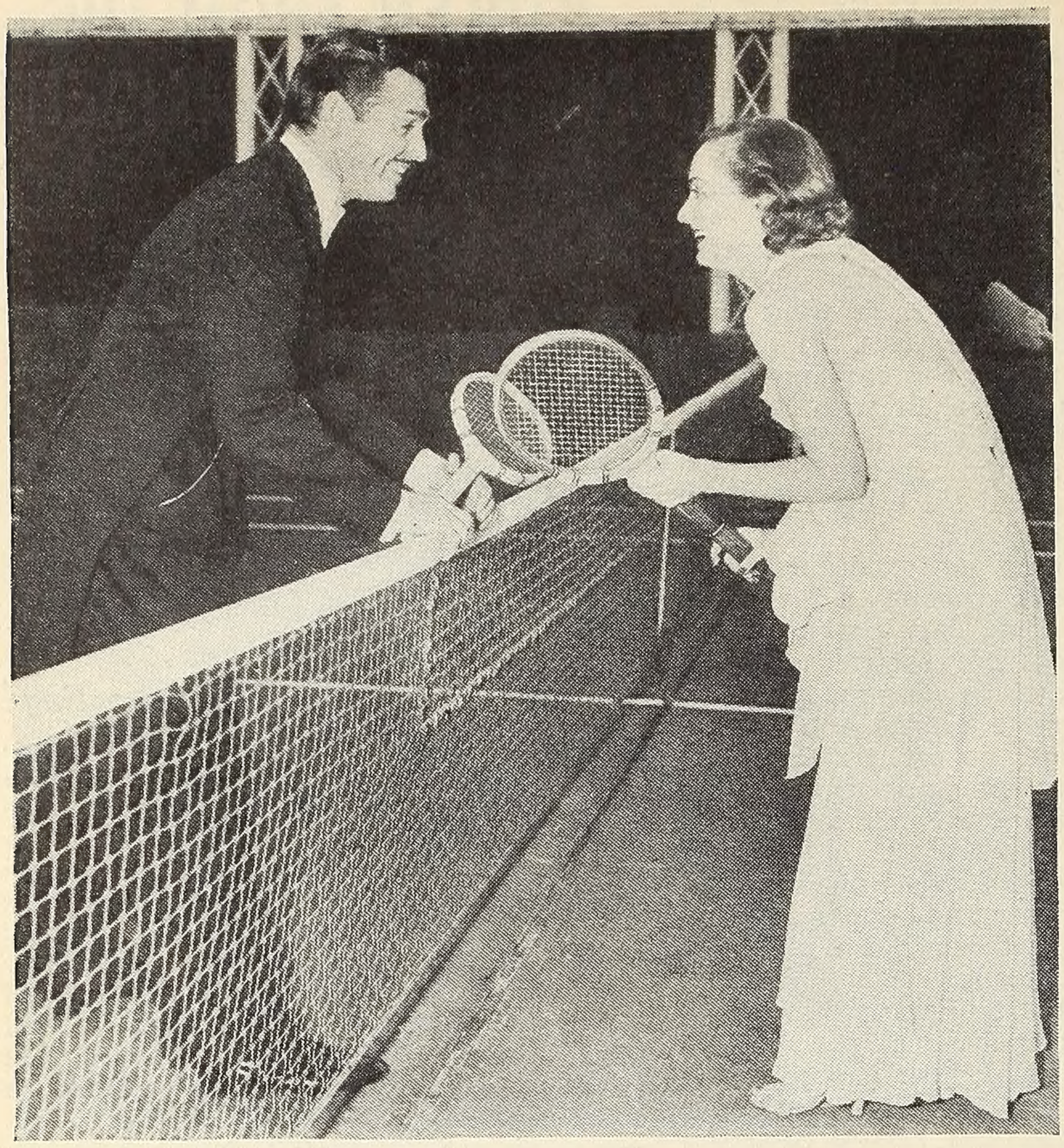


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The glamor that surrounds them hasn't affected the inherent good nature of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. Take the instance illustrated here—when Clark and Carole posed for cameramen in what the flashlight boys considered an idea—a picture of the romantic duo with "Is it a love match?" as its story-title.

International

The Real Truth About Gable and Lombard

Continued from page 25

Jessie, Carole's cook, pack a picnic lunch for them, jump in the Gable station wagon, and spend the day at a county fair, a neighboring rodeo, or at a hunting club near Bakersfield where they can "talk shop" with such fine old huntsmen as Andy Devine, Phil Harris and Tuffy Goff. When the quail season opened in California not long ago I was at Carole's the afternoon she brought back her "catch" for the day. She had caught as many as the law allows, which was more than anyone else had managed to catch. She had scratches all over her and the beginning of a painful charley horse, but she wasn't complaining. I intimated in a very sweet sort of way that my poor old teeth hadn't bitten into a juicy little quail in years, but Carole only said, "There's just enough for Jessie to cook for Paw's dinner." (Carole calls Clark Paw and he calls her Maw—that's what they think of glamor.)

When Carole was making one of her more recent pictures I spent a week-end with her "on location" up at Arrowhead. There had been frequent mentions in the various columns that Gable and Lombard had ceased to care, and the radio gossipers for several weeks had assured their breathless listeners that the world's most famous romance (second only to David and Wally) was definitely on ice. I'd read and heard so much about it that even I was convinced. The first day I was there Carole stayed in the cold waters of the Lake for one too many "takes" and turned blue. The hotel doctor was notified and she was sent to bed immediately—with me as sort of guardian nurse. Clark called while she was sleeping, the haidresser reported her ill, and I'm telling you before I could mix myself a good old-fashioned he had driven those hundred miles, along mountain roads in a thick fog, and had brought Carole her personal physician, Dr. Harry Martin. After that I decided never to believe what I read in the papers or heard on the air.

I have been with them twice during the past year, once at the Walter Langs and once across from them at the Brown Derby, when a news flash has come over the radio that the Gable-Lombard romance is dead. They only laugh, and have another piece of fried chicken. It's an old story to them now.

When Clark and Carole marry, as eventually they will, their marriage has every chance of surviving, even in Hollywood, for I have never seen two people more in love, or with more similar interests. Both are at the top when it comes to fame and money, so there can be none of that petty jealousy that ruins so many marriages in this neck of the woods. Carole is interested in her career, she wants to stop being a screwball comedienne and become a great dramatic actress—but her ambitions are second to her friendship with Clark. Being Screen Hero Number One can be very taxing on a man's nerves, but I must say Clark gets along beautifully. The secret is that he simply never bothers to be Screen Hero Number One. He's not a movie star when he comes calling on Carole, he's just a very amiable boy friend who wants to do what his best gal wants to do. I have been with them often and I must say I have never seen two more congenial people. None of that bickering or sarcasm that is so embarrassing to innocent by-standers, not those two, they're too busy trying to please each other. The minute they enter a room you are quite certain that Clark has eyes for no other woman. Can you blame him for that—all that beauty? But it isn't a matter of beauty with Clark. He has said of Carole, "One reason Carole and I can be happy is that she has the greatest sense of humor of any girl I ever met, and she is one of the kindest people I know."

Clark lives in a rented house in the Valley now—Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are his landlords—but he owns several acres in the Northridge section, beautiful hillside property, near the ranches of Barbara Stanwyck, Zeppo Marx, Robert Taylor and Dick Arlen, and here he is planning to build a house for his bride-to-be. You can be sure there will be plenty of dogs and cats and horses. And when the Lombard animals meet the Gable animals there's going to be a hot time in the hills of Northridge. I'm betting on Carole's cat, the black one that bosses the dogs around, winning the skirmish—though Gable's cat isn't exactly what you'd call a clinging vine.

Hollywood, strangely enough, having spent three years trying to break up the Gable-Lombard romance, is now trying awfully hard to get them married off in double-quick time. All of which is very embarrassing to Clark and Carole. And they've been such swell people to the press (the newspaper boys swear by Clark) that we really should lay off. It just isn't a matter of baking a cake and calling in a minister. Although he has been separated from his wife for nearly four years, and there never has been the remotest possibility of a reconciliation, Mrs. Gable has never gotten a divorce. I have never known a man who was more of a gentleman, the good old-fashioned rising-for-a-lady type, than Clark, and naturally gentlemen do not sue their wives for divorces. So Mrs. Gable will have to get it. Mrs. Gable, at the time of her separation from her famous husband, was reported to have received a large financial settlement which Clark has paid over a period of three years. The last payment was made last December, at which time, 'tis said, Clark had paid to Rhea Gable the very nice little fortune of $300,000, or in the neighborhood of that amount. Now that the financial settlement has been paid up it is rather safe to bet that Mrs. Gable will get the long-delayed divorce. However, divorces in California take a year, and Mrs. Gable likes California, so you needn't start buying clocks to send Carole as wedding presents just yet. And don't expect an invitation to the wedding for it will not be one of those grand Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond things with flower girls and white ties and Nelson Eddy singing *O Promise Me.* They'll probably be married during the duck season, out in the marshes somewhere, with a couple of decoys for witnesses. That's the way with swell people like that.



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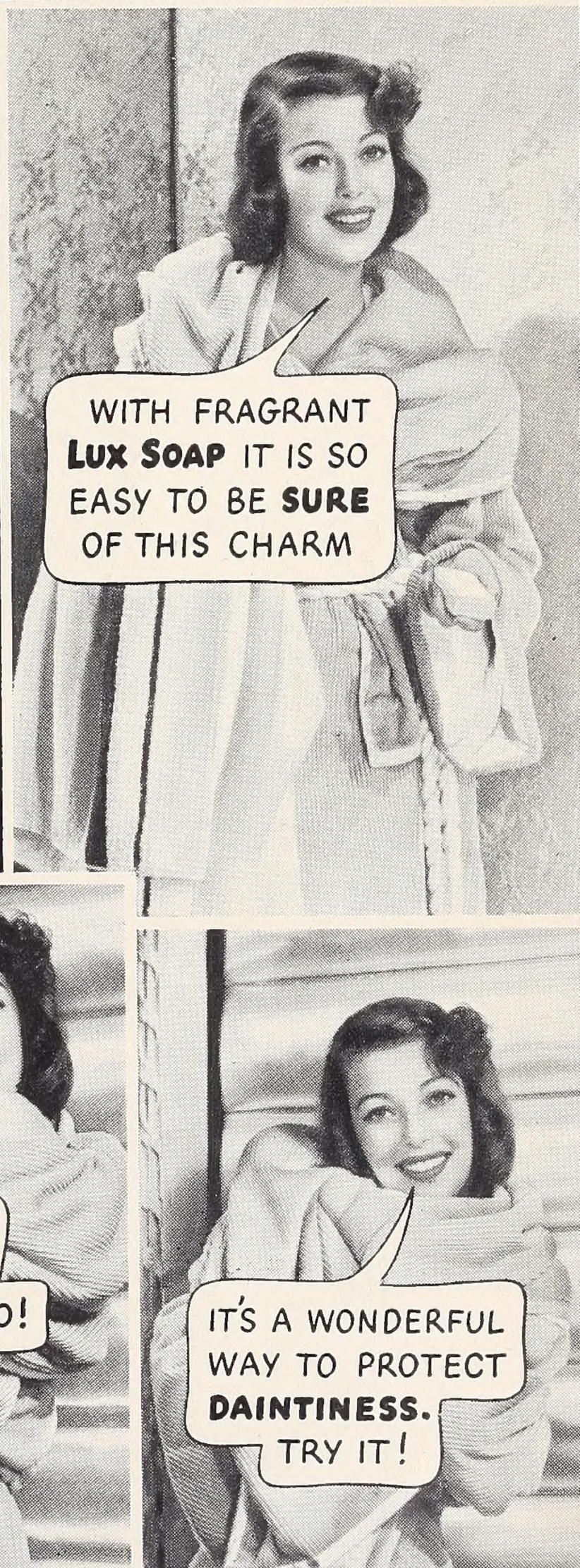
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